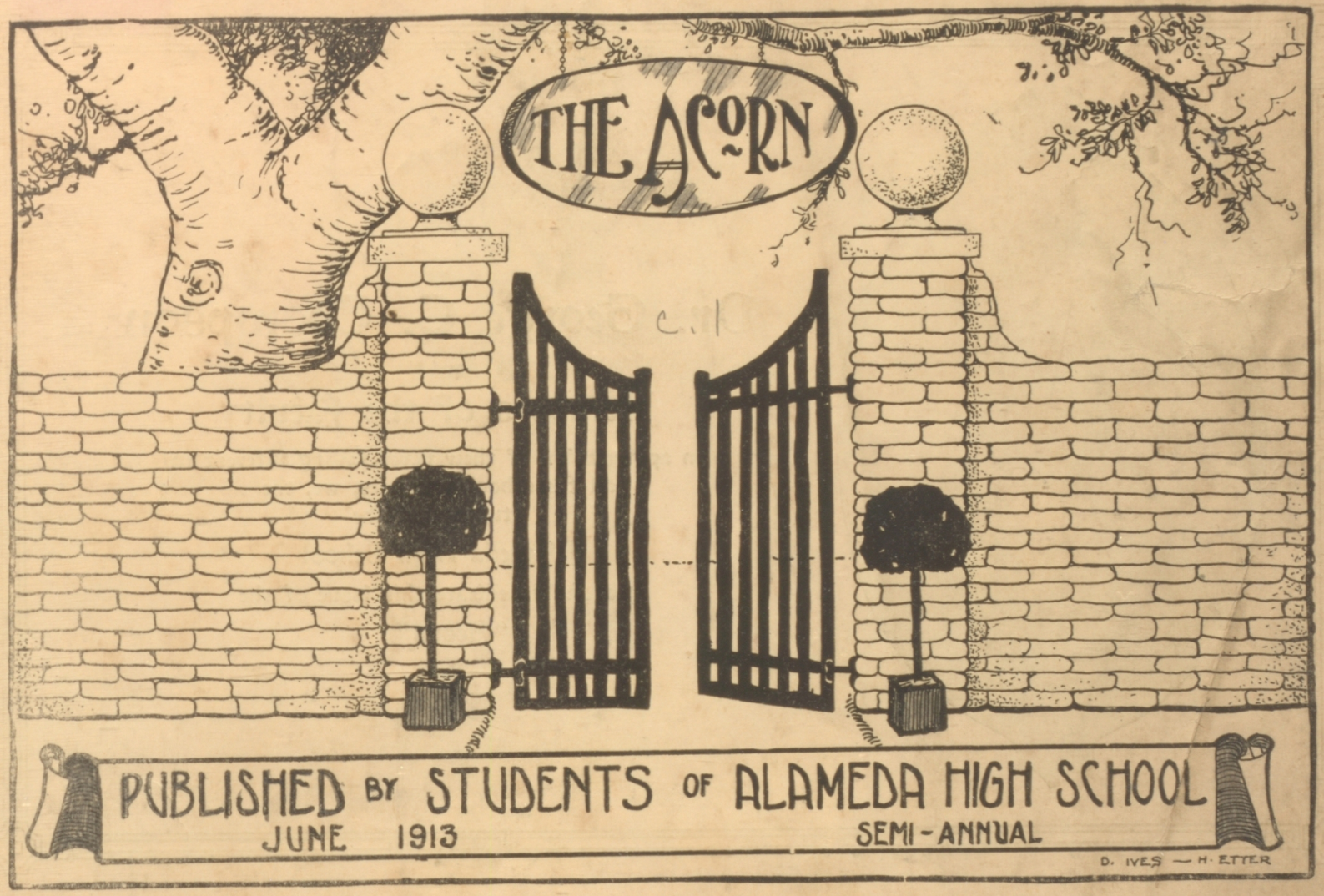
ACORN


THE ACORN
PUBLISHED BY STUDENTS OF ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL
JUNE 1913
SEMI-ANNUAL
D. IVES — H. ETTER

To

Dr. George C. Thompson

and the

Members of the Faculty

in appreciation of their never failing interest in
all the school activities, we, the
students of the

Alameda High School

gratefully dedicate this issue of the

"Acorn"

TO the faculty, friends and members of the Alameda High School, the editors extend a hearty greeting. With the publication of this volume a great responsibility is ended for the editorial staff. We hope that the ACORN of 1913 will be received kindly, since it is the best that we have to offer.

In this semester, the Alameda High School has broadened in many ways. School spirit, or that indefinable something called "pep," has again enlivened the school. We have tried, not so much to make radical changes in the ACORN, as to improve by making it expressive of and worthy of the school. In our attempts we were hampered,—hampered by doubts of policy, by financial limits, and by the usual ignorance concerning the publishing of a school paper. To all those who have aided us we wish to express our gratitude. It is needless to say that in the work of building up and hammering into shape this publication, the staff would have been greatly handicapped were it not for the aid received from the faculty, the contributors, the printers, and from the editors of last semester's ACORN. We also acknowledge our debt to those who have financially made this volume a possibility; our advertisers, the High Senior Class, and the purchasers. To all these, therefore, the editors and staff of the ACORN of June, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen, desire to express their most sincere appreciation.

—THE EDITORS.

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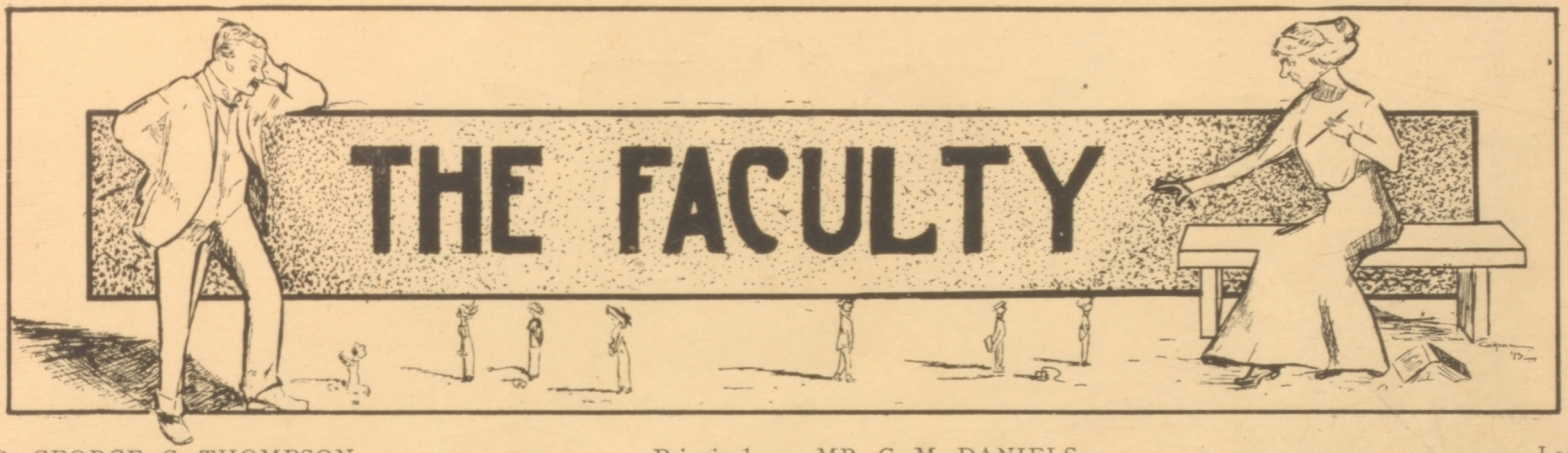

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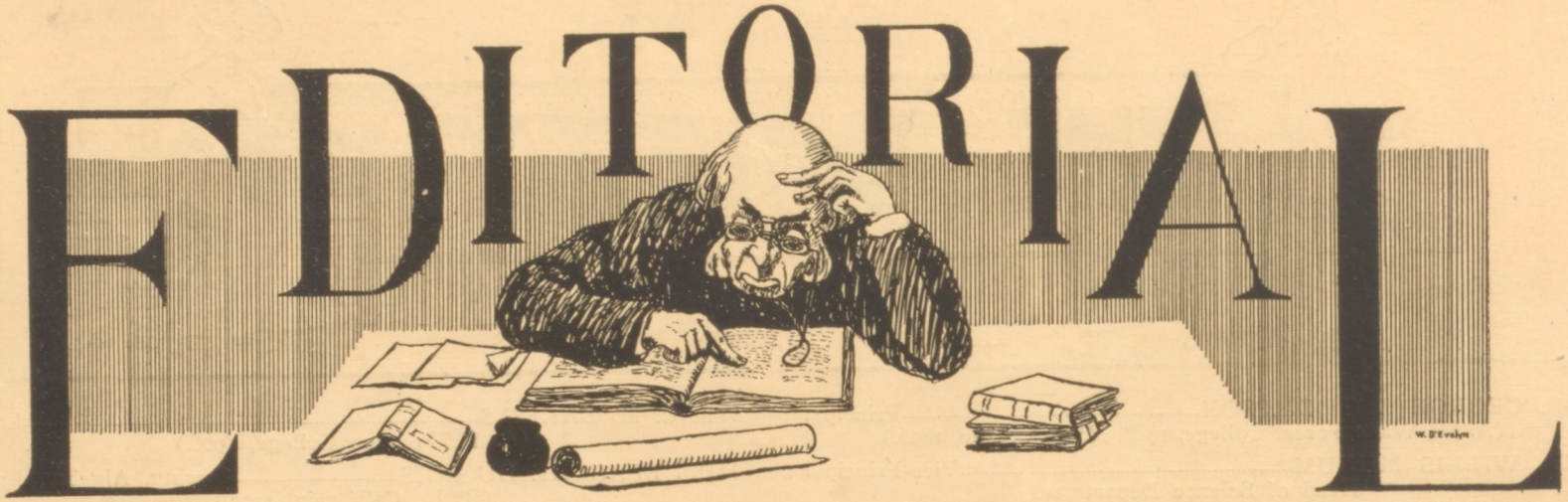

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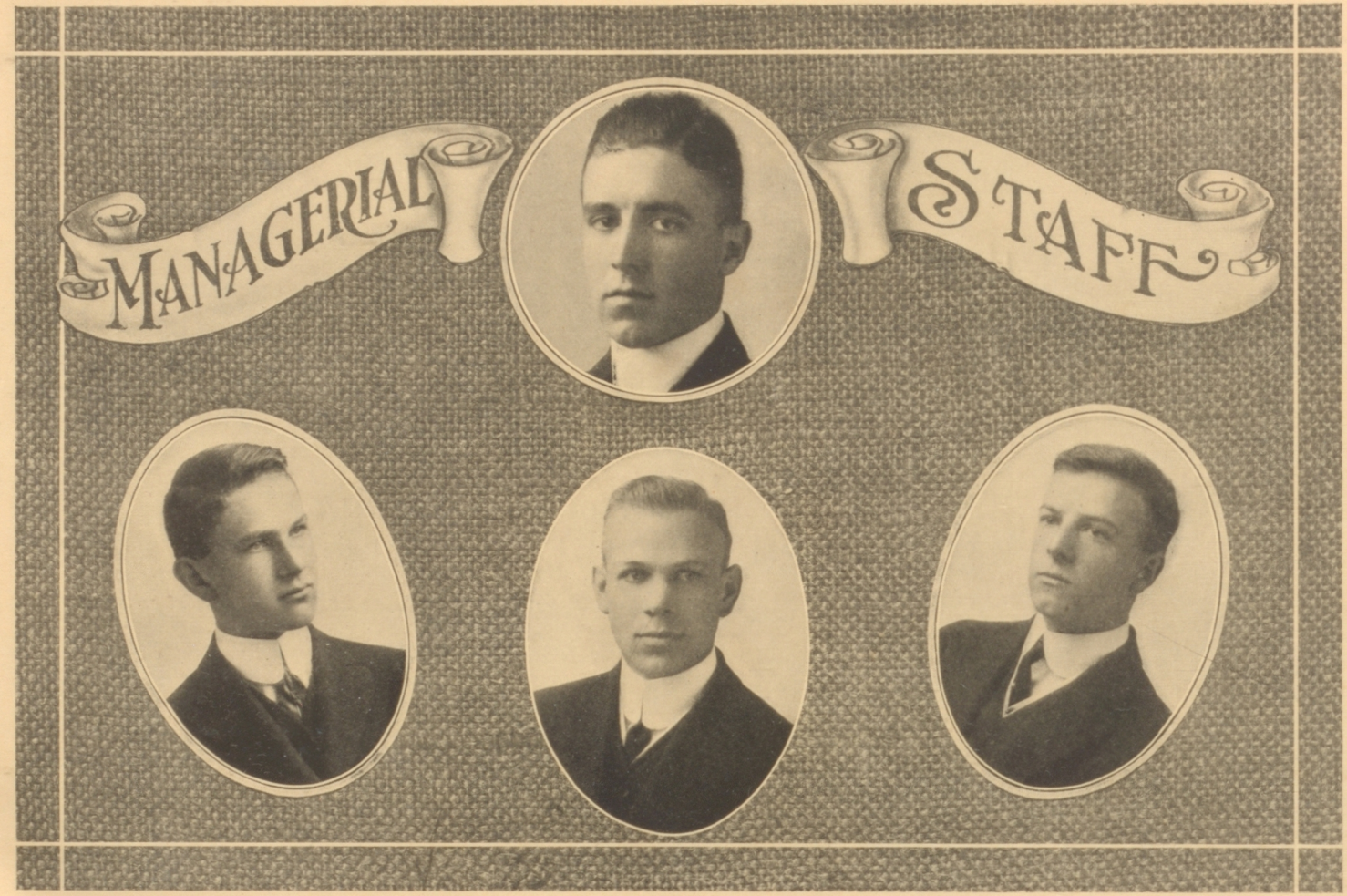

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Editorials

A Word About "Acorns."

THE "ACORN" has arrived again, and reminds us that this semester is nearly over. This is the twenty-eighth term since the original very unpretentious issue of the ACORN appeared, but this is only the fourth of the large, semi-annual issues. In all this time only two classes have graduated without publishing an ACORN. The first, the "earthquake class," had sufficient reason, but for the Class of June, '12, we can find absolutely no excuse to justify such an irreparable omission. Before 1911, the ACORN appeared several times during a term in the form of a small, interesting magazine. At the end of each semester was published the graduation number, which was given over almost entirely to the High Senior Class. Time and experience, however, have thoroughly demonstrated the superiority of having at the end of each term one large ACORN in which the Senior Class has its own department and which contains all school events of interest. The ACORN, although enjoyed for its josh department and cartoons when it first appears, soon becomes a record of past school life. As a reminder of High School activities and pleasures the ACORN will always be invaluable. And, certainly, the single large issue is a more effective record than the scattered small issues. We have found by experience that such a record, accessible to all, would be very useful and interesting. Why not increase our growing library by securing for it bound copies of all past ACORNS, if obtainable, and by henceforth adding each term's ACORN?

The Acorn as a Symbol.

ALAMEDA HIGH SCHOOL has now completed its thirty-eighth successful year. Founded in 1875, in the old Haight School building, it first outgrew this, then the present Porter School building. Since 1902 the school has occupied the present building.

In these past years we have become more and more accustomed to use the "Acorn" as a symbol of Alameda High School. First introduced in 1899 as the name of the school paper, its use has spread until, beginning with the Class of June, '12, all classes have adopted some form of the acorn as their class pin. This semester our baseball team appeared with new suits, on the sleeves of which were stamped acorns. Even at recess our longing for a "hot-dog" takes us to "Ye Sign of Ye Acorn." The growth in popularity of this symbol has not been a matter of legislation, not a question of a day, but a gradual development in the life of the school. Considering the proverbial symbolism of the little acorn, do you not think we have done well in adopting this emblem?

The Literary Contest.

AGAIN the ACORN has the pleasure of publishing the winning stories from the "Star and Key" story contest. Too much praise cannot be given to this society for their work in bettering the literary department of the ACORN. It is with great pleasure that we have noticed the increase in material since last semester. Mention must be made of the numerous splendid stories which were received, but which could not be published because of lack of space. Four of these are especially worthy of mention, their only fault being lack of conciseness. On the other hand, several would make splendid material for the josh department were it possible to use the space. Nevertheless, the habit of writing for the ACORN is growing; it is a good habit, and we here take occasion to thank the "Star and Key" for their part in the good work.

The Flag-Fight.

ALAMEDA has probably seen her last flag-fight and in many respects it is a good thing. We must remember that it would be only a question of time when some one would get killed climbing the flag-pole, due to its constant increase in warping from the perpendicular. What is going to take the place of this old school custom? Something should be done in this line. In the recent flag-fight more school spirit was shown than at any other time during the term. How could such a crowd have been induced into going to a baseball game or a track meet? It was simply the excitement of the thing that kept them, and the lower classmen, entering into a fight along side of their older schoolmates, were caught by school spirit for the first time. Even the High Senior was benefited by the tussel and the class was strengthened by acting as a unit. All right, Low Seniors, it is up to you to invent something with all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of the old flag-fight.

The Low Senior Play.

A NEW era has been reached by those at Alameda High School interested in thespian art. Following the precedent of the Low Senior Class, it will be possible for coming classes to give their plays in a life-sized theater and to store up enough money to graduate with comfort. Applause must be given the Low Seniors for the unselfish way in which they donated their proceeds to the flood-sufferers, thus foregoing a great deal of future pleasure for the class.

In Conclusion.

THE ACORN has gone to press and with it the work and hopes of the Editorial staff. Our ambiton is to present through this issue a deeper and truer insight into Alameda High School life. If, then, there is aught in this book which, either by amusing or instructing the reader, tends to produce a new feeling of loyalty toward Alameda High, our work is accomplished and our hope fulfilled.

—THE EDITORS.

LITERARY
R.BARBER

One Thrilling Sunday Morning

First Prize.

"BOOM! Boom!"

I did not wake—not fully—but I turned over.

"Bang!"

The window rattled with this, and I yawned and opened my eyes.

"Br-r-r-r-r-up-up-up-up! Br-r-r-r-r-up-up-up! Bang!"

I sat up in bed with a start. Yes, the racket was real—no mere dream. There it was again: "Boom—bang! Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-up-up-up-up-up!"—cannon and musketry fire. What kind of an awakening was this from Sunday morning slumber?

Then I remembered. This was not home—not Alameda. It was Mexico—land of my boyish dreams of adventure—city of Cortez and Montezuma! The long-planned trip to the southward, forgotten in my slumbers, was a fact. I was here in Madero's capital, and all these horrible noises were doubtless simply something of the queer features of the country—queer to me, but merely matters of course to anybody but a rank outsider.

There was a lull in the firing. Cannon and musketry alike were silent. Evidently the Sunday morning exercises were over. Good! I would take another nap.

"Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-up-up-up-up-up! Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-up-up!"

No! There it was again—right under the hotel windows this time. And that yelling!—What were they shouting? Spanish, of course. Well, I ought to remember something of Miss Baldwin's lessons. "Madero!" That's easy. That's the President. They're cheering him. Queer cheers, though! What's that other word? It isn't "viva." There it is again—"Muerte!" "Muerte á Madero!" Now what the mischief does "Muerte" mean? Listen to them now: "Muerte! Muerte! Muerte á Madero!" Why—why—"muerte" means "death!" "Muerte á Madero!" "Death to Madero!" Gee! it's a revolution!

I was out of bed and at the window in an instant. Yes—it was a revolution—and here at our very doors! The street below was thick with people—struggling, fighting, screaming! Down the middle of the roadway grim-faced horsemen, stretched in a thin line, were slowly forcing their way through jammed masses of fierce-eyed men afoot. At the head of the column was a calm-faced rider, small in stature, but erect and fearless. He showed no weapon, but every moment waved a hand in an imperative gesture for those obstructing his passage to give way. He was in citizen's dress, good-looking, and wore a short, dark beard. It was Madero!

As I looked the yelling and the firing broke out again. "Muerte! Muerte á Madero! Muerte!" Near the President, beneath the fierce eyes of his escort, within sweep of their long sabres, no man dared use a weapon against him. But further away there were other armed enemies. Shots echoed from the crossing beyond. A soldier at Madero's side flung up his arms and dropped. I saw the President rein in his horse and point to the writhing body on the pavement. Then all along the crowded sidewalks and from the mounted column burst spurts of smoke and flame. Bullets thudded against the hotel wall. The glass tinkled from my window, something sang by my ear, and a bit of plaster fell from the ceiling of the room.

I got away from the window—quickly.

While I dressed in frantic haste the sounds of battle rolled on up the street. When I pushed my way in thoughtless folly

out through the crowded hotel lobby to the sidewalk the last of Madero's riders were just turning the corner, twisting in their saddles, and slashing viciously at the yelling footmen who pressed savagely upon them. The enemies of the President now filled the street from wall to wall, brandishing every sort of weapon, screaming like so many madmen.

Instantly I found myself caught in the moving throng, and swept helplessly on. I strove to fight my way back, but a musket butt drove me forward. As we neared the corner we were met by a rattling roar of shots—from carbines and pistols, I imagine, for back upon us came charging the President's rear guard, slashing and shooting. The two men on either side of me—one was the fellow who had thumped me in the back with his musket-butt—fell forward on their faces. I was unarmed, and it is hard to stand up and be shot like a sheep. It suddenly dawned upon me that this was not my revolution! I turned—but that was as far as I got, for two grim-looking fellows still on their feet instantly aimed their guns at me.

"Traditore!" growled one of them—and I thought I saw him pressing the trigger.

My "patriotism" returned at once. I waved the guns hastily aside, and answered with what cheerfulness I could:

"Bueno, mi hombres! I'll stay!"

Perhaps they did not understand my mixture of English and alleged Spanish. They looked grim still, the muskets were still leveled—and probably my adventure would have ended then and there, but that now the foremost of the advancing Maderistas were almost upon us.

"Viva el Presidente!" they shouted, leaning far over their horses' necks and slashing fiercely.

Instantly our whole ragamuffin crowd broke and fled like rabbits—back along the street, into the houses—anywhere out of the reach of those flashing yards of steel. I stood alone—safe, for the moment, for the horsemen had seen the muskets pointed at my head, and understood.

One young fellow smiled with a flash of dazzling white teeth as he rushed by, and shouted in English:

"To your hotel, friend! This is no day abroad for strangers!"

Then he and his dashing comrades were gone, thundering down the street, bursts of pistol smoke and whirling flashes of steel marking their way.

It was good advice he had given me, and I strove to follow it. But to go directly back to the hotel, with battle raging in the street before the entrance, was not to be thought of. Short as had been my stay in the Mexican capital, I knew that a rear alley gave access to the back of the hotel. That must do for me, and I lost no time.

For the moment the streets on either side of me for what would have been an ordinary American block, were deserted, thanks to the charge of the cavalrymen, the flight of the rebels and the fright of the populace. It needed but a moment's hasty walk to bring me to the alley entrance, and a glance along the narrow roadway, guiltless of sidewalks, showed not a soul in sight. Doubtless every householder not hiding in a closet or under his bedclothes was peering from his front windows at what he could see of the battle, which I could still hear raging in the street. Well, let them look—I was already satisfied. I had had a private view!

Down the alley, a half-block away, I could see the rear entrance to the hotel, with nothing between to hinder my progress thither. For just one moment as I turned into the narrow passage I paused. Beyond me, not a hundred rods away, on the broad street I was in the act of leaving, I saw a great sight—a splendid flag, all stripes and stars, gleaming in the sunlight above the tower of a massive building of masonry. It was

the American Legation—and while I looked something seemed to tell me that it was there, at a time like this, that I and all others of my countrymen should be. Then I smiled to myself at what seemed the folly of crowding in upon our Ambassador when the thick walls of one's own home, however temporary, should mean safety enough if one had but the sense to remain within them.

If I had only known!

But I did not. I entered the alley, and even though just as I did so an unkempt figure appeared suddenly upon the sidewalk a few rods behind me, coming I could not say from whence, the incident gave me no thought of evil. What if a rebel fugitive, hidden for the moment in some niche in the wall from the rush of the cavalrymen, had chosen the first moment of their absence to seek a more certain shelter? Surely that was no affair of mine. I hurried forward, giving him no further thought.

Not until I was almost at the hotel entrance did I pause again. Then my watch, loosened in my pocket in the crushing and confusion of my enforced march with the rebel rioters, fell tinkling upon the stones of the roadway. As I stooped I glanced behind me. The unkempt figure was waiting at the corner—waiting and watching—and it seemed that even at that distance I could feel his black eyes burning into my own.

I recovered the watch, and a step carried me to the door. As I entered I looked back again. He still waited, and his eyes still followed me.

I had not found the door fastened, but I barred and chained it now. There was no one there to notice. All the denizens of the hotel, if not hiding in the innermost recesses of the building, were probably peering from the front windows, following the fight in the street as best they could. It was already drifting past, for when I reached my room and strove to look through my own half-opened shutters, there was little to be seen, though the sound of shots every moment came from somewhere near. Intervening walls hid all sight of those who fired, but all along the street there hung a slight blue haze of powder smoke.

Now, in a single instant as it seemed, I realized that I was worn and weary. The excitement of the last half hour had tired me as a half day's training with the track team could not have done. I flung myself down upon my bed, and I do not think it could have been a minute before I was asleep.

But I did not slumber long. A clamor of voices and a thunder of blows falling upon yielding wood was in my ears as I awoke. Even while, still dazed with sleep, I strove to gather the meaning of what I heard, the door crashed inward, shattered and broken from the lock, and in an instant the room was filled with rebel soldiery. Foremost among them was the ragged watcher of the street.

He shouted fiercely in Spanish, and I gathered something of what he said:

"A spy—a Gringo spy! A friend of the Maderistas! He was with us when they charged—they spared him—they cheered him—and they rode our brothers down! Death to him!"

"Death to him!" shrieked the others, and instantly rough hands seized and dragged me rudely from the bed. A moment more, and, jostled and buffeted, my hands bound behind me, the center of an armed group of fierce-faced men of whom every one seemed to look upon me with hateful, threatening eyes, I was hustled from the room, along the corridor and down the back stairway. The door opening upon the alley, which I had barred and chained, lay in ruins, and through the narrow, battered exit my captors thrust me with the butts of their muskets, some not scrupling to prick me with their bayonets by way of encouraging my progress. Along the alley I was hurried, vainly striving to protest, finding myself driven in a direction opposite to that from which I had reached the rear

entrance so short a time before. In five minutes we entered an open space, a small, unkept square or plaza, surrounded by stained, blank surfaces of masonry, the rear walls of grounds or buildings which fronted upon other openings or streets. Here our rushing progress ended as suddenly as it had begun.

My roughly-clad guards halted in a group in the center of the little square—all but two of them. These, each taking one of my arms, led me to the nearest of the blank walls, and stood me there, my back against it. Then they hurried to their comrades, the entire squad drew up in a line facing me, and I saw here and there a man among them fingering the lock of his musket.

I was to die!

The shock and horror of that moment are with me now. I stand again, my back against the wall, waiting for death. I look up to the sky, and think once more, as I did then, that the same blue arch is bending above the home that I shall never see again! That this is Sunday morning—that there, so far in the dim northwest, the sun is rising above San Leandro Bay, the flats and the hills beyond.

I close my eyes—and the bare, brown space but now before me is gone in an instant. I see the long, cool streets of Alameda, the palms, the bending pepper trees, the green lawns, the climbing roses. Then the gunlocks click. I open my eyes once more—and before me is only the grim death place and those who will take my life.

And as they stand there waiting, cold and passionless now that their vengeance is so certain, they do not look the part they are to play. Some I can see are young—nothing more than boys. At home they would be carrying books, tennis rackets, baseball gloves, instead of muskets. I would be meeting them at the "High"—facing them, maybe, in the line-up at Lincoln Park. Not like this—oh, not like this!

What's that fellow wanting, I wonder? What's he bringing that dirty rag for? Tie it over my eyes? That thing? No, no! Vamos—scoot! Leave me alone, can't you? Oh, well, get mad if you want to, but take it away, take it away! I can't stand that dirt!

What's he doing now? What's he saying? And the men—they are straightening up, they're fingering the gunlocks again. Do they mean it this time? Do they? Oh, why can't they hurry?

They say it doesn't hurt—I've read so. You don't hear the shots—you don't see the flash—it's too quick. You're just looking—and waiting—and then you go to sleep.

To sleep! What's that I used to say? What was it I learned so long ago? "To sleep—Now I lay me"—It's a long time since I said that. I wish it wasn't so long. I wish—What's that fellow lifting his hand for? Oh!

* * * * * *

Why—what was it? What happened? Is this—yes, surely this is the Spanish Class! There they all are—all the boys. They're all laughing—and the girls! And Miss Baldwin—she's smiling, too. What's that she says? "Have you had a nice nap, George?" Why—then it isn't Mexico—I haven't been shot! I've been asleep—I dreamed it all. Gee, what a sell!

—GEO. MEYER, JR., December, '14.

The Quest of Cheveux d'Or

Second Prize.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

MANY have sung of the valiant deeds of the knights of old who went forth to seek the vision of the Holy Grail. I also tell of one who sought for the wonderful Vision, but my story is the humble one of a little boy who, though a worker in the kitchen, had the heart of a knight.

Among the many kitchen boys of Arthur's hall was one slender lad who was beloved alike of page and squire and knight. He had a singularly winning face, sweet, intelligent, and merry. From under his fair hair, yellow as gold, his gray eyes looked happily out at the world, and on his lips a gay little smile ever rested. He had little cause for his cheerfulness. He was alone in the world, and he was weak and lame. Yet even on his "worst days" when the pain was very bad, one could hear him trying to whistle as he scoured the great black pots. The kitchen boys loved him for his merry heart. They had never thought that he could be angry until one day when he found them tormenting an old white horse. Then how those merry gray eyes had flashed with indignation, and how gallantly he had defended the helpless animal! Weak as he was, he had defied them all and rescued the poor old creature, who thenceforth became his faithful servant. And this incident had made them love him the more.

The squires, too, knew him and loved him for the jolly old songs he could sing and the quaint little tales he could tell. They named him "Petit Cheveux d'Or" or "little hair of gold," and so he was called by every one.

The little lame kitchen boy was known among the noble knights of Arthur's Round Table, for sometimes on his "best days," when the crutch was not necessary, gruff old Sir Kay, the Senechal, would let him wait upon them as they sat at the table in Arthur's great hall. The roughest of them spoke kindly to him. Even the sullen, evil-hearted Modred could not scowl at him. Sometimes careless Gawain would toss him a piece of gold as he passed, but better than Gawain's gold, Cheveux d'Or loved the sudden smile that sometimes illumined Lancelot's dark face, the kindly words that rough Sir Bors spoke to him, the holy look that shone like a benediction from Galahad's eyes and the gentle caress that meek Sir Percivale gave him.

So it had come to pass that little Cheveux d'Or was serving the knights in the great hall on that calm summer evening when the Vision came. He, too, heard the "cracking and the riving of the roofs," the thunder and the cry. He, too, saw "The beam of light seven times more dear than day" and the wonderful luminous cloud that hid the Holy Grail from sight. He, too, beheld the faces of the knights as in a glory, and when they found their voices, and swore that since they had not seen the Grail they would search over land and sea until they found it, he, too, vowed silently, to search.

And so it happened that on the great day of the Knights' departure, Fedile, the old white horse that Cheveux d'Or had rescued from the kitchen boys, stood patiently waiting by the door of Arthur's great kitchen for his little master, who, all alone, was finishing his work within. The time was fast drawing near when the knights would pass through the gate of the Three Queens and be gone. Cheveux d'Or had not been able to work very fast this morning, for he was trembling with excitement, and the pain in his hip was very bad. Tappety-tap went his crutch on the bare stone floor. Would he never finish! Suddenly from the city below came a blast of trumpets and the cries of the populace. The knights had already begun their triumphal march. The face of Cheveux d'Or grew more anxious. He must be there to see which way the greatest knights went. He meant to follow them.

At last the work was finished. The little chevalier was ready to set forth. There was just time to reach the beautiful gate before the knights passed. But hark! What was that pitiful little sound? The squeak of a mouse caught in one of the kitchen traps. The eager boy hesitated. Should he go and leave it to be killed, or should he hunt for the trap and rescue it? But if he stopped, the knights would pass and vanish! He would not know which was to go to search for the Grail, and the desire in his heart to see it was very great. The sound of the trumpets and the shouts of the people came nearer. Old Fedile neighed pleadingly. For a long moment the lad hesitated. Then, shutting his ears to the sound of triumph, he resolutely turned back to the great empty kitchen. Tappety-tap, tappety-tap! The sound went echoing through the deserted halls as he searched for the trap. The kitchen was large and the search was long, for the mouse was quiet now. At last he found it. There, now it had run safely away, and he, too, was free once more.

But now the sounds of triumph had died. The city below was quiet once more. The knights had passed through the beautiful gate and were gone. Cheveux d'Or did not know which road they had taken. He must choose a way for himself.

With difficulty he mounted his old white horse and rode slowly down the hill to the dim city below. Unnoticed he passed through the flower-strewn streets and came at last to the mystic and beautiful gate of the Three Queens. There he chose a road that led far away over hills and valleys. Of his own accord patient old Fedile quickened his pace. At last, to his great joy and surprise as he reached the top of a hill, Cheveux d'Or saw below him four knights just entering a forest. By their armor and pennons he knew them to be Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, Sir Bors and Sir Percivale, the four great knights whom he had longed to follow.

He gently urged his old white horse forward. Soon he, too, was in the green forest riding among the ferns in the shadow of the tall trees. Just ahead of him, so close that he could see the blue lions on Sir Lancelot's shield, rode the four great knights. Soon he would be up with them. Cheveux d'Or began to sing merrily. Suddenly he heard the shrill, beseeching cry of frightened birds. On the road, close to his horse's feet, lay two baby birds that had fallen from the nest in an overhanging bough. Over them fluttered the frightened and despairing parents, alternately scolding and begging for help. Cheveux d'Or cast one longing look after the knights, who were fast disappearing among the trees. Then with difficulty he dismounted, picked up one of the helpless babies, and slowly mounting again, knelt unsteadily on the back of old Fedile while he put it back into the nest. After the other was also safe he rode on again, followed by the shrill thanks of the parents.

For many miles the little chevalier traveled, past fields of grain, over hills and through forests, yet caught no glimpse of

the knights, until, passing through a rough mountainous country, he suddenly saw on the dusty road far ahead of him three knights, whom, as he came closer, he recognized as Galahad, Bors and Percivale. Soon he was close enough to see the cross that Galahad bore on his red shield. Just as he was about to call out to them (for, wrapped in their own thoughts, they had not seen him), a sudden crash and a cry of pain from above made him look up. There, half way up the side of the steep bank, a boulder had slipped from its place and rolling swiftly a few yards, had stopped, but beneath it lay a little gray squirrel caught by one leg. This time Cheveux d'Or did not hesitate. It was slow and difficult work for a little lame boy to climb the steep rough bank, but the squirrel must be rescued.

The golden glow darkened into twilight. The road vanished. In vain the tired boy tried to regain it. He could not find it in the gathering dusk. At last neither boy nor horse could go farther and lay down in the desert sand. It felt strangely soft, and soon the weary comrades were asleep.

So passed the first day of the quest of Cheveux d'Or. So passed many days afterwards as he journeyed on. His courage never failed, neither in the bearing of pain nor in the defense of helpless things.

After many months he chanced upon, as had Percivale and Galahad before him, the hut of the old hermit in the deep valley. He spoke with the holy man and learned of the departure of the two knights a few hours before. "Their quest has well nigh drawn to its close," said the ancient one. "They have gone up over the great and terrible mountain. This night they shall see the Grail child, if you would also see the Vision, follow them. Stand with Percivale, and the desire of your heart shall be fulfilled."

So Cheveux d'Or came to the mountain, rough and steep. With difficulty he climbed from rock to rock, old Fedile following after. It was slow, dangerous work. Darkness found him almost to the summit where the dreadful lightning played among the dead trees. There was yet time to find Percivale. But now, with a groan, weary old Fedile stumbled into a crevice in the rocks and fell heavily to earth. With a cry of sorrow, Cheveux d'Or turned back and tried to help him up again. It soon became evident, however, that the two comrades would not go over the mountain together that night. The old horse could not move. Cheveux d'Or must go on alone. But this he would not do. He could not bear to leave his faithful friend lying suffering there. So, though he longed passionately to go up to the mountain top and down on the other side where the long sought Vision would be found, he did not go. And if, as he sat there in the dusk stroking the poor animal, a few tears crept between his lashes, we cannot blame him. He was very weary and his sacrifice had been great.

The soothing motion of the loved hand, soon made the old horse fall asleep. Not long after, the tired gray eyes of the patient watcher closed and he too slept. And there came to him a wonderful vision.

He looked into heaven, and lo, before the Lord Jesus stood a tiny gray mouse and a little lame squirrel. Above His head fluttered two baby birds and a beautiful yellow butterfly. And all around the Savior were the many creatures, large and small, that kind Cheveux d'Or had helped each day of his quest. But the central figure of the group was the old horse, who was telling the Christ a story. As he listened, the Savior's face grew sometimes glad, sometimes pitiful, but at the end, He smiled radiantly and said, "It is well. Cheveux d'Or shall see the Grail."

And lo! Over that dark and terrible mountain a soft rosy light was shed and a wonderful heavenly music awoke the little dreaming boy. Behold! Through the dead branches of the tall trees stole a great white beam, seven times more clear than day, and on it rested, uncovered, the wonderful Holy Grail.

Thus at last the beautiful Vision came to Cheveux d'Or, and who shall deny that of all those who saw the holy sight, to the loving little kitchen boy the Vision came clearest and brightest?

—MABEL BAIRD.

The Sacrifice of Wichita

Third Prize.

THE sun was just setting on the usually peaceful Indian village which today presented such a spectacle of bustle and excitement. Tomorrow the braves would depart to war on their troublesome neighbors. Tonight was the "Night of Offering." Presently when the moon was illumining the heavens, each warrior would steal softly to the door of the prophet's hut and lay before it whatever he prized most as an offering for success.

From the chief's wigwam, a young girl stepped out and gazed with unseeing eyes upon the scene before her. She was Wichita, daughter of the chief, young, beautiful, haughty. Her eyes were large and dark, and her features were regular and almost dainty, lacking the usual Indian broadness, although her long straight black hair gave testimony to her Indian blood. Her appearance suggested more the sunny plains of Spain than the Indian-inhabited valleys of America. Indeed, it was rumored that Watoma, her mother, had a strain of Spanish blood hidden under her copper skin.

As Wichita stood alone, she was joined by a boy, perhaps slightly older. He was rather tall, straight and handsome. As he approached, his sister's eyes lit up with love and welcome. Wichita adored her brother. He was her ideal and although of a different sex she struggled to be like him.

"Ah, Galpaxi, what sacrifice do you make tonight for the success of your first battle?" she inquired.

"My new bow and arrows," returned the boy, with a struggle to appear unconcerned at the loss of an object so dear to his heart.

"Surely not the new bow made by Bearskin the Hunter, brother?"

"Indeed, the very same. Why should we warriors have to give up everything while you squaws retain every petty article that pleases you? Surely you should be taught to be brave as well as we," the boy complained petulently. "For instance, that pretty necklace you think so much of, which the chief from the far sea-coast gave you; why not give it as well as my bow? It will bring success as quickly." As he spoke he touched a long string of beads made from pearly sea-shells. Of all ornaments this was most prized by Wichita; and as he spoke she clutched the treasured object in both hands and drew back angrily.

"You are unkind, Galpaxi; the offering is for warriors, not for women."

"Forgive me, little sister; of course, no one would wish you to part with your precious bauble; but come, wish me success and courage in my first battle."

"Indeed I do wish you success; as for courage, the son of the chief need not ask for that," she replied, lifting her head proudly; "some day you will see that I, too, can be brave."

So she left him and re-entered the wigwam. There Watoma sat busily pounding acorns into meal. Wichita sat down and leaning her chin upon her small hand, gazed thoughtfully out toward the forest where already the gloom was deepening. "Mother," she asked suddenly, "are women ever brave?"

The squaw started at the sudden question. In her deep dark eyes grew a radiant light and she spoke dreamily, as if describing a vision. "Yes, Wichita, sometimes women are brave. Perhaps some day I may tell you the story of a woman who was very brave; but she was a woman of another race, not of mine or thine. But never mind," she added hastily, "of

what am I babbling to my child. It grows late and soon the warriors will depart to lay their offering at the prophet's door. There is much to be done yet and I must help." So saying she left the tent and Wichita alone with her thoughts.

One persistent thought kept running through Wichita's mind. Was it unfair that Galpaxi must part with his most beloved toy while she could with a clear conscience retain hers? Indeed shouldn't the squaws make some offering for the success of their warriors? Watoma had said women of other nations were brave, why shouldn't the women of hers be brave also? So she thought on and on, and always she turned her fingers in and out the string of beads with a loving, caressing movement.

Finally Watoma, Galpaxi and the chief returned and all became silent in the wigwam. Wichita knew the men had made their offerings; she also knew that Galpaxi had laid his treasured bow on the altars of his fathers.

Presently all slept in the little wigwam but Wichita. She tossed restlessly and her tired eyes refused to close. Finally she arose and stealing softly from the wigwam, she stood outside in the white moonlight. Then she walked onward with soft stealthy steps toward the dark forest beyond. She did not notice which way she turned, but walked rapidly on and on.

Suddenly with a gasp she stopped. Right before stood the hut of the prophet Eagerly she gazed at the objects piled before it. Of many varieties were they:—bows, skins, ornaments and—yes, there on top lay the swift bow of Galpaxi, her brother. She caught her breath, a vague apprehension of the supernatural stealing over her. Why had she been led thither? She had not come voluntarily, for engrossed in her thoughts, she had not noticed which path she had followed. It all seemed to point to one thing—she must sacrifice her beads. And so she stood clasping the beloved necklace in her brown hands, gazing at the offerings of her tribe.

Meanwhile Watoma had awakened at the departure of her daughter and had followed her at a short distance into the forest. What could be in the child's brain to cause her to leave the shelter of the warm hut? What, too, had prompted the strange question? Was the blood of her white ancestors stirring in her veins, calling her away to the civilization of the white man which the woman half-loved, half-hated? Watoma followed until Wichita stopped. Then she hid herself behind a tree near by and watched the struggle going on in the heart of the child with the blood of two continents running in her veins. Would the Indian blood and her surroundings triumph or would the vague call of a conscience and self-sacrifice of the other nation prevail?

For some time Wichita stood still and gazed upon the offering. Then, drawing herself up to her full height, she unwound the beads from about her neck. Never had she looked so much a princess. For a brief moment she hesitated, then stepping forward she wound them about the bow of Galpaxi. Then turning swiftly, with a low half-smothered sob, she sped from the spot and from the forest.

In the morning the warriors departed early. As they stalked stealthily through the forest, Galpaxi left his father for a moment to run to the prophet's hut for a last fond look at the bow. As he gazed, he became astonished. What was that wound about his precious bow? Approaching nearer, he looked down upon a little string of shells. Then softly retreating, he sped away, for he had seen and understood.

Early in the morning, Watoma had called Wichita and together they had set out for the hills. Watoma silent and uncommunicative, Wichita wondering.

When they reached a wooded space on a hillside, Watoma stopped beneath a gnarled old oak and sat down on the soft

grass, bidding Wichita to do likewise. They sat silent for a moment, then Watoma said, "Wichita, my daughter, I have a story to tell you. Perhaps you know that far, far back one of my ancestors was a Spaniard. You bear a great likeness to the Spanish people. Otherwise I would never unfold this tale. You must never repeat it in the village.

"When I was a girl about your age, my father, who was as you know a very great chief, made a raid upon a small caravan of wagons crossing the plains westward. Only one prisoner was taken. She was a woman and was Spanish. The rest of the caravan escaped by a hidden road. My father could not find out which road it was to overtake them. Only the woman prisoner knew. So the warriors planned to torture her the next morning to get the desired information. I saw her when they brought her in. She was young and very beautiful and as she passed me she turned her great sorrowful eyes on me, as if to beg me to save her. Yet she bore herself proudly and would tell nothing to the interpreter, although she admitted she knew which road her companions had taken. They tied her in a cavern near the village and left one guard. I could not sleep for thinking of her and so in the dead of night I stole out and to her cave. I easily evaded the guard and crept inside. When I reached her, she caught my hands and in soft words of Spanish spoke to me. Now I had never heard a word of Spanish before and yet I understood. She asked for poison. She said she could not bear the disgrace of a lingering torture and begged me to give her only a few drops. She was afraid she might betray her friends in the agony of torture. I offered to release her, but she refused and finally I promised to grant her wish. I crept back to the tent and secured the poison used for the arrows, which I took to her. Oh, how glad she was. She kissed me and called me "sister." She asked me to leave her then, alone to seek her death. Before I left, however, she took a necklace of beautiful blue beads from her white neck and placed them about mine. 'Keep these always, my sister. They were given to me by one I loved. They will help you to be brave as they have helped me in my hour of need.' So I left her. In the morning when the warriors went to the cave to carry out their evil plans, she was dead and they fairly howled in their fury.

"I have kept that necklace always. I have never yet seen any one I thought worthy to wear it. But at last I have found one worthy of this great gift." So the old woman finished her story and began to dig at the bottom of the oak.

After some time she drew out an old box and cleaning it off opened it and took out a necklace of exquisite sapphires which fairly blazed in the sun. Wichita stood with shining eyes and clasped hands gazing speechless at the ornament whose equal for beauty she had never seen.

Watoma held it for a while and after reverently pressing it to her lips clasped it about the neck of her daughter.

"It will help you to be brave and worthy in your hour of need," said Watoma, quoting the words of the dead woman who had proven herself so brave.

—JESSIE WILKES.

A Lucky Shot

THE red morning sun rose into view up the dark canyon just as we entered the black mouth of the Glenwood tunnel. Far ahead of us there appeared a white speck which, as we slowly picked our way through the darkness, grew larger and larger and finally took form displaying in all its silent grandeur the eastern slope of Upper Soquel Valley. The background of red and gold above the irregular ridge of blue timber-covered hills formed a picture of such richness, framed as it was by the dark outline of the tunnel's east mouth, as was never seen on canvas. The air was cool and still, and the ear was not disturbed by the continuous "sut-a-put-a-put" of the endless chain of motorcycles that in a few hours would spoil the quiet peace of the valley.

As Jack and I left the tunnel, we were startled by the sudden whirr of a flock of quail routed from their morning meal, instantly followed by the shrill warning "ptseet-ptseet" of the ground squirrels' sentinel. Cottontails scurried from the road, and a little striped chipmonk from his perch on a fence-post threateningly barked his sharp "chit-chat che-dunk" at us as we passed. From all sides came a medley of nature's early morning music. The cock-quail's low call was followed by its mate's drawn out "too-wack-coo," the clear whistle of the red-winged flicker, the single mournful note of the ring-necked dove, and all the other familiar sounds of a late August morning.

As we rounded a bend, the rasping warning of a flock of wood-house jays greeted us, and as it died away, the cheery "tsut-tsut-tsut" of a gray squirrel caused my friend to grip his gun and listen. A round gray head with ears alert appeared between the arms of a snub-prong in a live oak not fifty feet away. Jack raised his gun to shoot, but changed his mind, suddenly remembering that we had come for "bobs" and not game.

This was the day that the bounty opened for lynx and wildcat. It was a fogless but cloudy morning and there was not even a sign of a breeze. Jack and I had made the trip to the upper valley on foot, starting about midnight, knowing that the wilder and more wooded valley had a reputation for sheltering the feline family, and would be overrun with enthusiastic "bounty-getters," while the upper valley, though more accessible, would be practically deserted.

The two-mile walk up the steep grade leading to the tunnel had tired us considerably, so we sat down to rest. Jack was still watching the squirrel which between occasional barks and flickers of its bushy tail was steadily edging nearer.

"Jack," I said, "let's go around to Murphy's and see if Andy won't come along with us. I don't know what kind of a hunter he is, but——"

"Mick never shot a rifle in his life," broke in Jack. "But he sure knows these hills a sight better than we do, and if there's a 'bob' in this end of the valley that he don't know about we might as well not look for it, that's one sure thing."

He got up, tightened his belt, and threw his gun up under his arm. "Where's Vic?"

Vic was a little fox terrier that had started with us, but neither of us remembered seeing him for some time, so, as whistling and calling proved of no avail, we struck out for Murphy's without him, concluding that he had turned back and deserted us. We stuck to the road for about a mile past

the tunnel, then struck off cross-country, following a cow-path to Bagdad Falls, where we ate breakfast, and then continued the descent to Murphy's Pond. As we walked along the shore the water-dogs and frogs surrendered the path to us without dispute, the former waddling a few feet to the side, the latter giving one leap, landing in the water with a thick "glup" safely out of harm's way.

From a clump of willows behind a low farm house, Andrew Murphy, a red-haired youth of about eighteen, commonly called "Mick," came running up and excitedly related an attack on the stock the night before by a coyote or wildcat during which an angora goat, his only pet, had disappeared. We went with him to the sheep corral, where we studied the scene of the night disaster. That it was not a coyote that had done the foraging we decided as soon as we reached the place. The tracks we found were too large for a bob-cat and too round and heavy for a lynx. So, without knowing what we were tracking, the three of us took up the trail.

As we approached the entrance of Corran's quarry, Mick rather over-politely excused himself and entered the mouth of a spring, hidden by the brush and vines, at the entrance of the quarry. This spring was known to Mick's friends as "The Cave of the Secret Aid," a name probably derived from the fact that its presence was not generally known and that within its depths there was usually to be found, beside the sparkling spring water, some other cooling beverage. He presently emerged, carrying two quart bottles of "Milwaukee's Fame," which we soon emptied,—into our canteens.

"Mick," said Jack, laughing, "if you don't mind, I'd like to go with you and see where that stuff grows. You might get shot before we get back, you know."

"All right," laughed Mick, as he picked up the bottles. "Come on," and they entered the spring together.

They were hardly out of sight when I heard a muffled shout, followed by the "spang" of Jack's twenty-five-twenty. The brush parted and a streak of yellow shot by me, instantly followed by the two youths, who were just in time to see it disappear in the bushes near the bridge at our left.

"It's Murphy's cat," shouted Jack, as we started in pursuit. "The goat's inside."

"Inside what," gasped Mick, as we crossed the bridge and struck into the brush.

We followed the track as fast as the tangle of hazel and sorrel vines would allow us and finally came into open country, but saw nothing of our chase. Just ahead of us was the Soquel Creek and beyond was a thicket of manzanita and blackberry bushes.

"I know where he's bound for, lads," said Mick, as soon as he had breath enough to speak. "Let's see if we can't cross the creek without hiking way back to the bridge."

The banks of the creek were nearly perpendicular, but the water was low, so we decided to try to cross it. Mick helped me down first. As I was nearly down my foot slipped and I turned my ankle. I urged the boys to go on, but they would not. Jack climbed down to help me up and Andy assisted from above. Just as I reached the top of the bank, Mick looked over to the other side of the creek and started back. He gripped my arm.

"The cat," he whispered, without looking around. "He's looking at me with his two big eyes, he is, from the briars yonder. I can't see him at all, at all, but the eyes of him are like two lamps, they are."

"All right, Mick," I said, "Take a crack at him. My gun's right down beside you there."

Mick had never had a rifle in his hands before, but he picked up the heavy Winchester.

"I can't shoot," he said, as he threw the butt against his

shoulder and advanced a few feet. "But, be gorry, I'll—— Which one of these here——"

He did not finish his sentence, however, for with a low growl the beast sprang up and ran toward him, followed by a small black and white dog barking and yelping at the top of his lungs.

The animal stopped, looked around at the dog, then back at Andy. Suddenly with an agile twist he turned and sprang on the dog.

Mick raised his gun with an oath, pointed the muzzle in the direction of the waving bushes, shut his eyes, and pulled the trigger.

"Bang!"

There was a roar and commotion in the bushes that would have done credit to a grizzly bear.

Mick dropped the gun and ran towards the spot, and we followed close at his heels. As we crashed through the tangled brush a whining and thoroughly scared fox terrier came up to us and joyfully licked our hands and jumped about us. Mick picked him up and carried him as we hurried on.

When we finally reached the place the brute was no longer struggling, but lay motionless with a thirty-grain bullet in its heart. Mick's first shot had been a good one, the ball striking just below the shoulder-blade and entering the left lung of the biggest mountain lion ever shot in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

—DONALD STROUPE.

The Plants of the Pots*

By H. Akagi.

(Note:—From 1199 to 1333 the government of Japan was in the hands of Hajii family, the regent, whose seat was in the stronghold of Kamakura. Among the shippens or regents during this time one of the ablest was Tokuyori Hajii. Once while he was in his power, leaving the governmental affairs in the hands of his son and other officials, he made a tour of his country as a traveling monk. The purpose of the trip was to learn the condition of the people as well as to gather loyal knights, scattered in all countries. The following story is taken from one of the incidents during the tour. It must be borne in mind that the Japanese have peculiar taste in "potted plants." They spend long time in rearing up one single "potted plant." As a result, it is very common that some of them are very expensive, and the possessor of such a valuable one is very proud of it, and values it as much as people value their jewelry in this country.)

IT was toward the evening of a December day, in 1263. Driven by the dreary snow storm, an old traveling monk was toiling his way through the Asama Ranges from the province of Shinano toward the province of Kozuki. As he struggled over windy hills, through clogged valleys, and woodland paths that wound between low, snow-laden pine-boughs, the storm grew wilder and fiercer. The gusty, mindless wind became louder and louder. The dazzling snow mist became thicker and thicker, and denied the path to the poor, old traveler. In addition to these the traveler felt increasingly at each pace the fatigue of the day's journey, the hunger, and the freezing of his hands and limbs. And when he was not very far from the village of Sano, all his courage had left him and he was at a loss what to do on the storm-beaten path. But for Providence!

Fortunately he came by a poor solitary dwelling on the roadside. He drew near with all his effort and made a faint knock at the door with half frozen hand. The door was instantly opened and out came a middle-aged woman. The stranger asked with feeble but convincing tone, "Will you be kind enough to offer a night's hospitality to an old traveling monk, afflicted by this dreary snow storm?"

Her heart, at a glance of this snow covered stranger, was filled with pity. But, her husband being absent, she was not permitted to allow any stranger in, and this she told him. "Then," asked the stranger again, trembling with cold and hunger, "I will wait your husband's return here. Please allow ——"

"Well," she interrupted with graceful voice, "then I will ——"

Her words in turn were interrupted by her husband's timely return. She ran to him and made the situation clear.

"It is an easy matter and you are welcome with all our heart," answered kindly the man who had just arrived. "But for our poverty! We have no food nor comforts to entertain you."

"Ah, Master," the shivering voice beseeched again, "I do not desire for neither of them. A night's shelter is all I desire. This fierce snow storm is too much for my age."

"But it is better for you not to stay in such an uncomfortable house as this. For," the master advised the stranger, pointing toward the village of Sano, "the walk of little over a mile will take you to the village of Sano, where you will enjoy all the meals and comforts of the hotel."

*Published without alteration.

Thus being declined of his ardent request, the old traveling monk heavily directed his tottering feet toward the pointed path. The wind was raging with all his violence and the thickening snow was deep on the path.

As soon as the stranger had left them, the wife said to her husband in a low but advising tone, with tears, "My master, how cruel you are! It is not that we should suffer this ruined life because we did not plant the right seeds in our foregone days. To serve to every one with all we have, even to this poor traveler, is to serve Shippen Hogii at Kamakura.

"I am unable to see and let that old, feeble traveling monk go without paying any due tribute to him! Is it not possible that we can entertain him a night? To warm his trembling body with fire and to satisfy his hunger with a meal of millet?"

"Oh, my worthy wife!" replied the husband, much moved by her strange advice. "Why didn't you tell it to me little earlier? Oh, my fault! I see it, I see it! If we have some millet it is best we can afford. Prepare the meal with it and the fire at once, my darling, while I will hurry after the stranger and bring him back." So saying, he left the house in hurry.

Two minutes later he was back with the helpless stranger and all three were around the small, square fire place, which is cut in the middle of the room. The stranger monk enjoyed the meal of millet, though it was the first time he had ever tasted it.

Soon the night approached with still more violent snow storm and the cold increased hour after hour. But as their poverty had provided no quilt with which to keep the stranger comfortable, they decided to talk the night over around the fire. So they made a good fire and forgot the bitter cold outside. As the night rolled on, the storm seemed to have calmed its violence slightly, but the cold became severer and severer.

Toward the morning when the cold was severest, all the kindling woods were used up and there was no way of providing them. The master and his wife tried in vain every possible way to procure some. Suddenly the master rose and brought out, from the shelf, below the window, three potted plants. The one was a plum, budding already under the snow, the other was pine clad in deep evergreen. And the third was a cherry in the splendid aspect, with well trimmed boughs. They were so beautiful that the stranger could hot help crying out,

"Such a beautiful potted plants. They speak undoubtedly your great assiduity for a long time in rearing them up."

"They are not worth your praise," replied the master. "Formerly I had several hundreds of them. But just before I had fallen to this impoverished present condition, I distributed them all among my friends. Yet I valued these three so much. I could not part with them.

"No wonder! They are most charming ones that my eyes ever looked upon."

"That is enough of praise, my friend," continued the master, interrupting the monk. "The pleasure of bringing up those potted plants belong entirely to those people of well-to-do class, and to us who are unable even to get daily living with ease, they are unnecessary now. Especially at this moment, warmth is all we need. Oh, how cold it is!"

"But take care, sir master," remarked the monk. "Preserve them, as they are so beautiful, that you may enjoy them when you get back to your power again."

"Ah, that is only a sweet imagination, my power will never come back."

Then cutting those three well brought up plants of the pots without the least grudge against it, he made the fire. Once more they stretched out their hands from three sides of the fire place, and forgot even the severest cold..

Meanwhile these unordinary deeds and the sympathetic heart of the husband and the tender and graceful manner of his wife gave great impression upon the stranger. So, thinking that they must have been the member of some respected family once, he suddenly asked in reverend tone,

"Sir, there is something yet, I do not know what, that tells me that you must have been of high birth. Permit me to learn your name and birth."

"I am unworthy to be named to you."

"Say that not so, sir. I think you are not an ordinary man."

"If you insist on it so urgently, I have nothing to hide from you. I am Tsuniyo Genzaemon Sano," and, pointing to his wife, this is my wife Shirae," he replied with dignified tone.

"Was that you, Lord Sano, and your madam, Shirae? Pray, how did it happen that my Lord Sano is ruined to this pitiful condition?"

"Ah, that is a sad story! As you may know, my mother had died while I was still young. And my father, one of the knights of Shippen at Kamakura, had a second wife. A son was soon born to her, a step-brother to me. Everything went fine while my father was living, but upon his death everything came to a change. My step-brother then conspired to murder my life and at the same time to get posses-

sion of the family title and estate of Sano. So I left secretly with my wife and sought refuge on this solitary country seat," was the sad reply.

"But, had the wickedness of your step-mother not been proved at the court of Kamakura in your favor?"

"My friend," continued he in sadder tone, "the hand of fortune is beyond human control. The trouble started after the departure of most righteous judge, Shippen Tokiyori."

"As I understand, then, the government at Kamakura at the present time is in the hand of evil souls, and these evil souls would not help your right to the title of Sano family. That is a sad story!" said the stranger, thoughtfully. As he spoke these words a certain powerful light was shining in his eyes, which promised him to be also an unordinary man.

"But my love for Kamakura has not deserted me at all for all these, master Stranger," continued Genzaemon Sano. "Though I am in such a disgrace at present, I always feel my obligation to Kamakura. Behold!" pointing to a dark corner, "there is my torn armor and rusty spear, and in yonder stall is my steed, though thin. Through many hardships I have kept them, and I will keep them hereafter in order to be ready to join the call of Kamakura at any time."

Hearing these courageous words, the heads of two listeners dropped downward and tears were in their eyes.

"By that, I do not mean to wish that some disaster should happen to Kamakura," he added, in the voice stronger than ever before. "But, if I continue to live this life of poverty, I have no means of regaining my father's family title; my arms ring for vengeance, but I will only die of hunger! That is all my regret!" There was silence for a short interval and nothing was heard except the voices of raging wind and the constant fall of the snow from overladen leaves of bamboo bush.

Soon the fire, which was built by the sacrifice of the valuable plants of the pots, gave out and the long winter night saw daylight again. The dreary snow storm seemed to have ceased and only the wind was raging. The stranger monk, who was deeply moved by the pitiable story of Sir Genzaemon Sano, was then preparing to set out. Genzaemon and Shirae advised him to sojourn one more day, to wait the end of the storm, but the traveler started to the gate, saying:

"Your kindness is deeply inlaid in my heart, and I will never forget it. We will surely meet again some day in more fortunate condition."

"If you insist upon doing so, I will not delay you any longer. But pray, my friend, when you happen to pass this way again, do not forget to stop at our house, though ugly and uncomfortable.

"And you, my master Sano, if you happened to visit Kamakura, forget not to call at my monastery. I may perhaps be of help to you. Sayonaro!"

So saying, the stranger monk left the Sano family cottage and passed away into the snow.

Two months had passed since this incident, when suddenly a gathering was called upon all knights in the country by the Shippen of Kamakura.

"A serious matter has arisen, arise and close in to Kamakura!"

The peace of the country was broken and what a stir was there! From every quarter of the country, the knights, eager to accomplish the deeds of reputation and honor, arose in arms and poured into Kamakura. Thus the great chance had arrived to our Genzaemon Sano, to prove his bravery. He clad himself in that torn armor, and taking his rusty spear under his arm, left his home on the back of his thin but faithful steed. He hurried over hills, through valleys, and across plains, and at last arrived at Kamakura.

There were already gathered thousands of knights, all in beautiful suits of armor and on fiery steeds. Indeed the whole gathering presented a majestic scene. It had an appearance of a forest of long spears, intermixed with glittering helmets. But poor Sano! With torn armor, rusty spear, and thin horse, had an aspect of a copper cent among numerous shining gold pieces. As he joined the multitude, the knights who were near him laughed, ridiculed and made fun of his poor attire. However, he stood calmly and waited further order of the Shippen.

Soon the officials were out on inspection of the gathered

knights. Upon noticing Sano, one of them approached near and demanded:

"You are requested to the presence of Shippen Tokiyori."

"Sir, I am a poor knight of unworthy name. Is it not a mistake for some other knight?" replied Sano, being struck with surprise.

"Not so, my knight," said the deep voice of an official. "His request is to take to him that knight who comes here today clad in torn armor, holding a rusty spear, and riding on a thin

horse. In looking over all the knights present, I found no one but you who is to fill this request."

"Then I will obey without further refusal." So saying, Genzaemon Sano rode toward Tokiyori's court. In his heart, the pulse was beating wilder than storm. He murmured to himself, "What an unfortunate being am I! I am sure that some one has conspired against me and made false charge of me to Tokiyori-dono, or else he is going to reprimand me of not providing better suit of armor!" With all these unease at heart he came to the presence of Shippen Tokiyori, and made a gentle salutation with a bow! Then a deep voice said to him,

"My faithful Tsuniyo Genzaemon Sano, thou hast come in due time. Take ease! I am that traveling monk who enjoyed a night's hospitality at your house some days ago. Hast thou forgotten me?"

Genzaemon raised his head, being surprised at these unexpected words.

"That night," continued Tokiyori, with a smile, "thou hast told me that if anything should happen to Kamakura, thou shouldst hurry to the scene, and serve me with all thy might. It was no other than to prove this statement true that I have gathered all the knights here this day." Then in a more dignified tone, "This day thou wilt have thy father's family title restored to thee. In addition thou wilt have three more provinces in memory of that valuable sacrifice of the three potted plants. Take this, Genzaemon Sano," handing to him a parchment. "This is to certify thy title to the above province forever."

Thus being loaded with unexpected reward, Genzaemon Sano retired from the presence of Tokiyori and returned to his home in Kazuki with great rejoicing and exultation.

* * * * * *

This story is remembered among Japanese with the proverb to the effect that Virtue is never Friendless.

A Nocturne

FIELDS upon fields of golden light,
The wide-expanded Bay, stretching
To the dim, far lying hills beyond,
Aglow in the sheen of wondrous gold;
Sweet winds asleep 'neath the listening trees,
Asleep in the arms of enfolding boughs
That wait in unmoved ecstacy;
Flowers of Gold with drowsy heads
Heavy with the blessed, healing dews,
That steal deep into their dreaming hearts—
Across the flood of gold, shadows,
Mysterious, dim, violet-scented;
Distant voices, indistinct,
Crooning waves scarce audible,
Pulsing with music rare and sweet,
That floats like childhood memories,
Over the shining sands,—over
The distant fields of burnished gold;
Stillness, hushed winds,—O, wondrous Night!

—DR. GEORGE C. THOMPSON.

Saw On

BENEATH him swayed the ladder tall,
Beneath him many an anxious soul;
Before him seemed a nasty fall,
Before him naught but greasy pole.
High Seniors said: "Now we must pray,
For lo, our lucky star is gone.
Brave students, speak; what will you say?"
"Why say: 'Go on! go on! go on!'"

"I cannot make my brave men stay;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak,"
The Senior leader spoke. A spray
Of yellow grease then washed his cheek.
"What will you say, brave students, say,
If the rope he should not cut by dawn?"
"Why we shall say at break of day:
'Saw on! saw on! saw on!'"

Up on the ladder he keeps his stand,
And saws the rope with all his might,
At last the flag is in his hand,
And he descends into the fight.
The fight is o'er, the flag is down,
The Seniors lie upon the lawn,
The students wear the victor's crown—
They knew the motto: "On! saw on!"

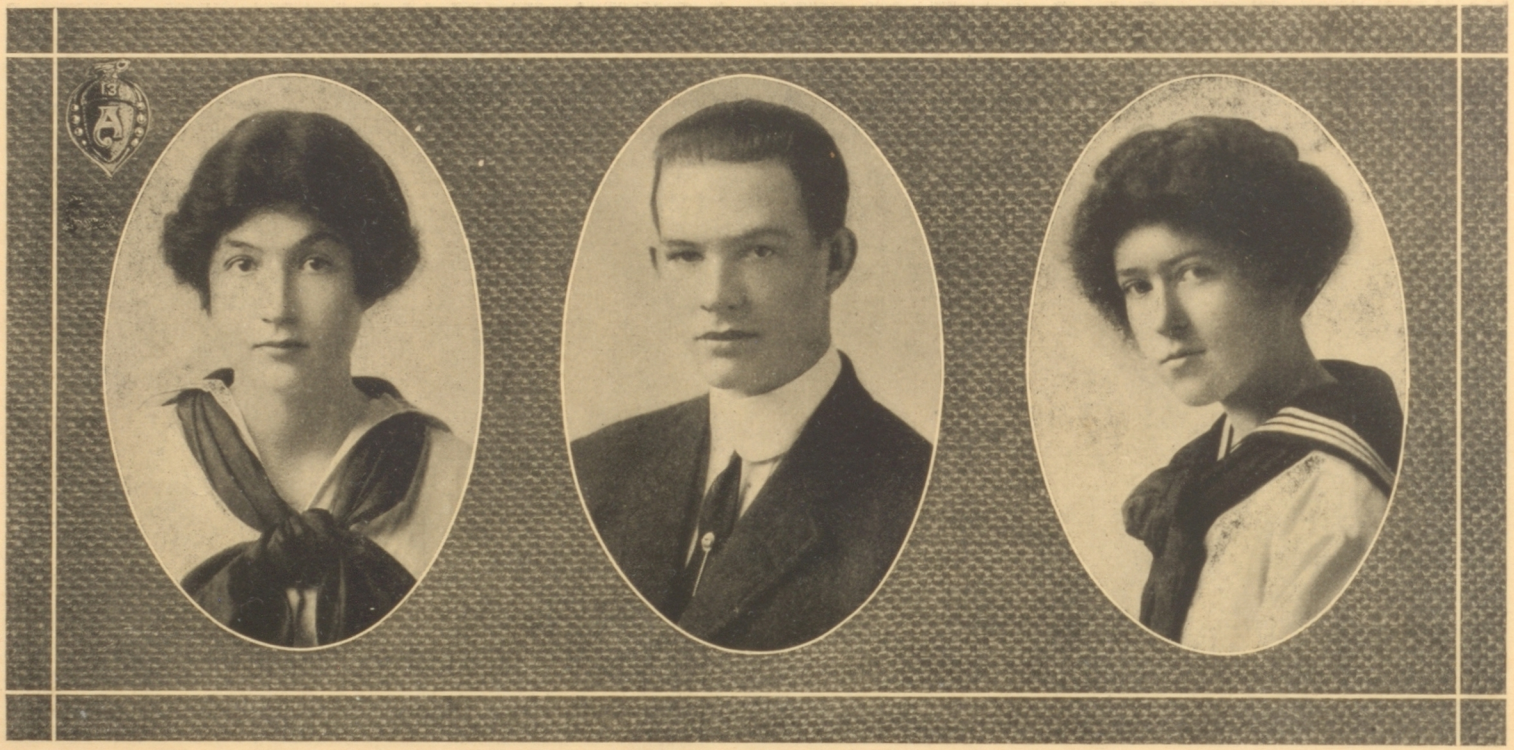
—CLARENCE NOBMANN.

HIGH SENIORS

LE ROY KRUSI
President

EVA STEELE
Vice-President

KENNETH LOGAN
Secretary



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EDWIN BARNES
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KATHERI..E PIERCE

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ZDENKA BUBEN GEORGE RICHARDS ADELINE TOYE

MELBA THOMAS

WENDELL HAUCH

DOROTHY WARREN

IONIA JAMES WILLIAM DEGAN AUDREY SPENCE

IDA REDMOND RUTH CADMAN

Class History

August, 1909. Entered the A. H. S.

SOPHOMORE

February, 1911. Class organized electing the following: Adeline Toy. Helen Troy, Hans Lemcke, Le Roy Krusi.

March 17, 1911. St. Patrick's Day program for the Student Body.

JUNIOR

August 16, 1911. Class officers: E. Barnes, B. Cummings, A. Toye, Le Roy Krusi, S. Illderton.

September 14, 1911. Class pins chosen (see cut on preceding page).

January 11, 1912. Officers: E. Stone, B. D'Evelyn, K. Logan, H. Lemcke, E. Barnes.

January 13, 1912. The annual program for the A. S. A. H. S.

May 3, 1913. Successful High Junior dance at the Haight School hall.

SENIOR

September 3, 1912. Low Senior officers: A. Eimer, A. Toye K. Logan, L. Krusi, H. Lemcke, E. Steele.

October 2, 1912. The play "728" was selected. to be coached by Fred Carlyle.

November 8, 1912. "728" produced. Financial and artistic success.

December 20, 1912. Dinner given in honor of Class of December, 1912.

January 14, 1913. High Senior officers: L. Krusi, E. Steele, K. Logan, E. Barnes, T. Miller.

April 28, 1913. High Senior Flag Day.

June 19, 1913. Graduation.

June 20, 1913. High Senior Dance. —K. LOGAN, Secretary.

ONE COLD MORNING.

Log of 3750 is 3.57403; colog 4732 is 6.32496-10; log a equals, mm——gee, what's this? Hanged if it ain't my diploma. Of course, that's right, I've graduated. I'm free! Say, what a swell feeling. There's some of the fellows whistling for me now.——Hugh, I've been asleep. That wasn't a sheep-skin at all, just these fool logarithms. But some one *is* whistling. Two o'clock, it must be the fellows with our flag.

"Drown that noise, I'll be down in just a second, you brows. If you keep that racket up you'll wake the family on the sleeping-porch. Grease? Yeh, I'll get it right away. Wait till I get some more clothes on.

"Hello, Hauch! Well, Barnes and Bradford, how did you get pep enough to get up at this time of night? Didn't go to bed, eh? Well, we better go over and wake Hardin up.

"Two of you ginks had better go by Lafayette Street in case he might be on his way down. Meet you two in a couple of seconds. This is some cold weather, all right. Let's run to keep warm.

"Hey, Hardin, wake up. What a sleepy looking bum. Oh! your alarm didn't go off, didn't it? Bet you slept through it. A little pep now, gents! Thanks for a Fat Emma, Hardin.

"Well, that's going to be some big climb up that post, now don't you forget it. Wait here? Sure I will. Can you fellows carry that ladder all the way from McKinley Park? Wait, here comes Lemcke! Low Dutch. So long!

"Hello, Logan! Ah, Miller and Degen. Nice work. Lots of pep. Rest of the guys will be back soon. Oh, here they come now. Forty-foot ladder—that ought to help some. Heave! Right up. Swell! **Duck, here comes an auto.** It's the **police patrol.**

"Oh, no, we're not going to bust into anything. Just an old custom of the school, that's all. Why don't we do it at daytime? Gee! what a chance! Sure we will. Pile in, fellows, let's ride to the coop. Hello, look whose here already; some one's been out on a spree.

"Hello, sergeant! Sure, we'll sign our names. Well, good morning. Now, let's run back to make up for lost time.

"Steady on the ladder, fellows. Look at Hardin climb! That boy sure is some monkey and that's some swell pennant, too. Now for the grease. That's the stuff, Logan; nice job. Now to grease it all the way down.

"It's four o'clock. Yeh, we'll carry the ladder to my joint and hide it so the rest of the school can't find it tomorrow. So long, you scouts, that flag looks swell.

"Say, but this is some heavy ladder. Throw it right down in the cellar. Now, to hit the hay. See you tomorrow, early.

"Umm, this bed feels good."

Class Horoscope

NAME	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	APPROPRIATE SONG	IDEAL	DESTINY
"Lussell" Russell	Cherubic	''Hello''	Acting	Monopolizing the drawing rooms	"Spring Maid"	Graduating June '13	Mrs. (?)
"Mary Sunshine" Sanford	Demure	"Don't know".	Taking "Piker" to dances	Motoring with boys	"I'm Looking for a Sweetheart and I Think You'll Do"	"Jimmie" Gleason	Sunday school teacher
"Eva-a" Steele	Jolly	"God bless 'em"	Going to Oakland on Wednesday for singing lessons	Debating	"Santa Lucia"	Tetrazzini	Prima donna
"Doc" Stone	Dignified	"That's straight"	Studying German	Believing himself a ball player	"Roslum Auf der Heide"	Doc Cook	German prof.
"Aud" Spence	Husky	"Oh, yeah"	Eating	Trying out her cooking on others	"Believe Me, if Those Endearing Young Charms"	Billie Burke	Ye Liberty's leading lady
"Mel" Thomas	Sweet 16	"Did you get your history?"	Worrying about history	Cramming	"Splash Me"	Nell Schmidt	Fancy diver
"Ad" Toye	Frank	"I'm the goat"	Speaking before the student body	Talking too much	"The Only Pal I Ever Had Came From Berkeley Town''	Mrs. Pankhurst	Speaker of House of Representatives
"Wuzzy" Wuerz	Haughty	"Is that so?"	Ragging	Troubling others	"I'm a Most Particular Lady"	Wendell Hauch	Search me!
"Dit" Warren	Titian type	"What are we to have for dinner tonight?"	Riding in a Regal Underslung	Studying too hard	"For There Is Nothing in the World Like Love"	Amy Whitney	Designer
"Gin" Wangeman	Fiery	"You poor fool"	Driving her electric	Sizzling	"The Gaby Glide"	Variable	A "gay" life
"Mip" Whitney	Angelic (?)	''Armee pondis''	Fortune telling	Feeling sleepy	"Billy"	Gentleman of leisure	Fortune teller in park
"Mace" Williams	Coquettish	"Hey, Al"	Wearing a green band	Taking a P. G.	"My Wild Irish Rose"	Miss Ellen Allen	Suffragette leader

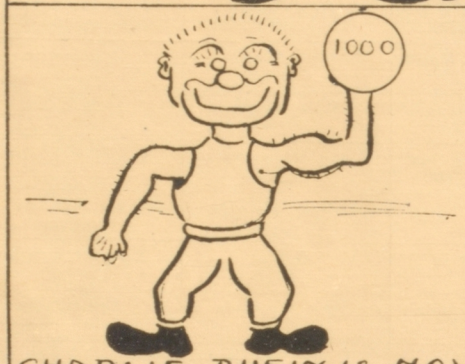
Class Horoscope

NAME	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	APPROPRIATE SONG	IDEAL	DESTINY
"Baby" Allen	Sedate	"My word"	Telephoning	Being absent	"You Are the Ideal of My Dreams"	Specializing in languages	Journalist
Alonzo Barnes	Swell	"Got your student dues?"	Spending money (?)	Trying to play the piano	"Oh, Central, Give Me Back My Nickel"	John D.	Cartoonist
"Shrimp" Brandli	Petite	"I don't know anything"	Going to matinee	Brightness	"Please Go 'Way and Let Me Study"	Bancroft	Court stenographer
"Bruny" Brune	Innocent	"Tell me something"	Studying history	Blushing	"I'd Do as Much for You"	Elson	Historian
"Zdink" Buben	Neat	"Is that right?"	Drumming for folk-dancing	Asking questions in history	"I Won't Play Unless You Coax Me"	Paderewski	Player at New Alameda
"Curt" Bradford	Foolish	"I'll have the same"	Forgetting things	None (?)	"Please Show Me the Way to Get Home"	E. M.	Rapid calculator
"Dewie" Cadman	Coy	"Use this book"	Writing an historical essay	Eating peanuts	"Dearie, My Dearie"	Harrison Fisher	Instructor of French art
"Tiss" D'Evelyn	Substantial	"Oh, Jack"	Dancing the minuet	Having her fortune told	"At the Devil's Ball"	Annette Kellerman	Teacher of Domestic Science
"Bill" Degen	Amiable	"I betche"	Studying trig.	Playing ball	"Sailing, Sailing"	Rear Admiral	Ferryboat captain
"Piker" Eimer	Classy	"Durn fule"	Getting ads.	Calling on Alma	"Put Me Among the Girls"	Higgins	Manager of Women's Home Companion
"Lene" Fisher	Coquettish	"Gee, it's fierce"	Horseback riding	Making eyes	"I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave"	English shark	Lady of Leisure
"Winnie" Greene	Nifty	"Oh, gosh"	Going to nicks.	Boosting Chicago	"Take Me Back to Chicago"	Any man	Leading lady
"Andy" Hardin	Spring-like	"Some form that"	High jumping	Duck shooting	"I'll Get You Yet"	Thorp	Globe trotting
"Dutch" Hauch	Pretty	"I agree with you doctor"	Calling guys at student meeting	Queening	"Tie That Little Bull Outside"	Speaker of the House	Leading man at Ye Liberty

Class Horoscope

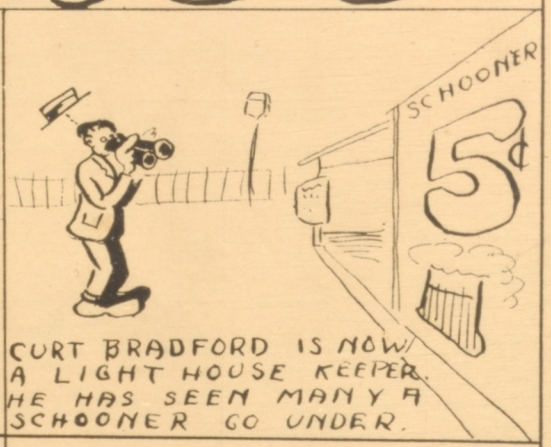
NAME	APPEARANCE	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE OCCUPATION	BESETTING SIN	APPROPRIATE SONG	IDEAL	DESTINY
"Jo" Herspring	Stylish	"Stunning"	Spooning	Studying (?)	"When Mother Plays a Rag Upon the Sewing Machine"	Olive James	Proprietor of dress-making establishment
"Nonnie" James	Modest	"Oh, sure"	Reading love stories	Star gazing	"Love Me and the World Is Mine"	Mr. Agard	Housewife
"A Bird" Krusi	Intelligent	"Anv time"	Writing editorials	Talking in physics	"In My Merry Oldsmobile"	Helen Funke	Minister
"Dutch" Lemcke	Pensive	"No, have you?"	Getting a hair cut	Lending jewelry	"Mary Had Lemcke's Goat, Lemcke's Goat," etc.	Mr. Goodwin	A loving husband
"Slats" Logan	Lanky	"Love of Mike"	Writing class minutes	Studying history	"School Days"	Daniel Webster	Skinny man at the circus
"Mul" Miller	Sleepy	"I'm positive"	Speed burning	Walking (?)	"Do You Believe in Dreams?"	Bryan	Funeral director
"Lau" Mohring	Frivolous (?)	"How does this pesky Spanish go?"	Cramming for history ex.	Getting ones in Spanish	"The Girl Who Wouldn't Spoon"	Miss Du Bois	Dressmaker
"Cuddle" Moyes	Unique	"Good night"	Automobiling	Indifferent	"Shaky Eyes"	A rah rah boy	Advertising hair tonic
"Pansy" Murdock	Studious	"Oh, girls!"	Touring	Answering unknown letters	"In the Good Old Summer Time"	Red-haired musicians	Society leader
"Fluffy" O'Connell	Lady-like	"What do you know?"	Shining in physics	Queening (?)	"When Rag-Time Rosie Ragged the Rosary"	Mr. Minium	Psychist
"Kat" Pearce	Roly-poly	"Isn't it awful"	Folk-dancing	Love of romance	"That's How I Need You"	"Gertie" Hoffman	Teaching fancy dancing
"Id" Redmond	Independent	"Well, well"	Going to the hills on Sunday	Studying in the wee, small hours of the night	"Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold"	Hasn't any	Country school teacher
"Tough" Richards	Sober	"Where do you get that stuff?"	Fixing carburetors	Driving motorcycles	"We Won't Get Home Till Morning"	Barney Oldfield	Taxi driver
"Eagle Eye" Rhein	Gigantic	"Darn tootin'"	Giving Mr. Goodwin information	Chewing gum	"Who Are You With Tonight?"	Any girl	Sister's right-hand man

OUR CLASS



CHARLIE RHEIN IS NOW STRONGMAN WITH BARNUM AND BAILEYS CIRCUS

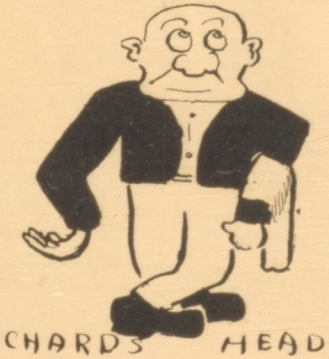
AL. STONE THE LEADING BASE STEALER OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE



CURT BRADFORD IS NOW A LIGHT HOUSE KEEPER. HE HAS SEEN MANY A SCHOONER GO UNDER.

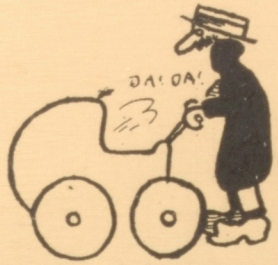
PROFESSOR EIMER MANAGER OF HALE'S HAS GROWN A BEARD

LOGAN JUST ELECTED SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE



RICHARDS HEAD WAITER AT "TAITS" IN SAN FRANCISCO

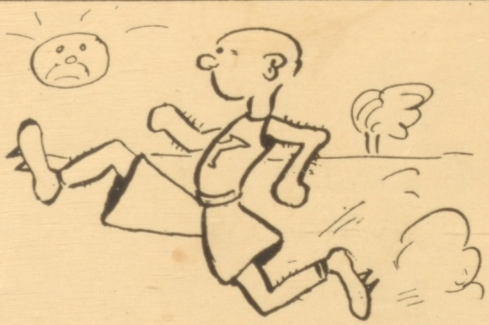
PROPHECY



DUTCH LEMCKE, WE HEAR; IS THE FOND PARENT OF TRIPLETS

ABIRD KRUSI HAS BEEN ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE ANTI-SPEEDING SOCIETY

DUTCH-HAUCH HAS RETURNED TO THE OLD COUNTRY TO START A SASUAGE FACTORY.



ANDY HARDEN IS NOW HEAD COACH FOR TRACK AT YALE.

THE NEW EDITOR OF THE TIMES-STAR IS OUR OLD CLASS-MATE MILLER.

"BILLIUM WIEGEN" ONE OF THE SPANISH TEACHERS AT U.C.

EO. BARNES.

The Senior Play "728"

By Augustin Daly

"728"

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

COURTNEY CORLISS, a gentleman of leisure, with a theory concerning boomerangs; employing his idle time in the pursuit of hunting a face.....WENDELL HAUCH

MR. LAUNCELOT BARGISS, a retired party, who becomes the victim of the inevitable, and is bound to his wife's hobby.....AUSTIN EIMER

PAUL HOLLYHOCK, his son-in-law, devoted to his potato beds, until the tempter comes.....HAYWARD THOMAS

SIGNOR PALMIRO TAMBORINI, late Maitre de Ballet, Convent Garden, now on a mission and searching for an original.....LE ROY KRUSI

POSTMAN, on his round.....KENNETH LOGAN

PROFESSOR GASLEIGH, inventor and founder of a refuge for the outcasts of the pen.....TRUMAN MILLER

JOBBINS, Hollyhock's farmer.....ELMER STONE

FLOS, the much sought "728".....IRENE WUERZ

MRS. HYPATIA BARGISS, a lady possessed of ancestors, aspirations, and a hobby.....ADELINE TOYE

DORA HOLLYHOCK, her daughter, with a grievance, and who becomes at once her husband's tempter and victim.....AUDREY SPENCE

JESSIE, with yearnings beyond her station.....LAURA WANGEMAN

SENIOR PLAY.

The comedy of "728," presented by the Class of June, '13, proved a great success, and more than fulfilled all expectations. The cast, chosen by Mr. Carlyle, was an admirable one. Each member worked hard to do his part to the best of his ability. Every seat was sold, as well as standing room. Through the able management of Edwin Barnes, the class netted over $159.00. The class, as well as the cast, entered into the spirit of the play, and from start to finish gave to the cast their support and approval.

The scenes were first laid at the Bargiss' country home and later at their apartments in New York. Austin Eimer and Adeline Toye, as Mr. and Mrs. Bargiss, showed a great deal of talent. Irene Wuerz, playing the title role, seemed more at home on the stage than in the class-room. The acting ability of Wendell Hauch as leading man aroused the admiration of all his fellow-students. The parts of Mr. and Mrs. Hollyhock were well taken by Hayward Thomas and Audrey Spence, respectively. LeRoy Krusi made a splendid Italian. From his accent you would have thought he had just "come over." Laura Wangeman made a neat and charming maid. Truman Miller was an ideal professor. Elmer Stone as Hollyhock's manager made a true farmer. The postman was well represented by Kenneth Logan.

Every one connected with the production deserves praise, especially the manager and his assistants. Much credit is also due to Miss Haworth, who, by her patience and kindness, gave help and encouragement to all participating in the production of the play.

—EVA STEELE, '13.

Last Will and Testament

I, THE Class of June, 1913, of the Alameda High School, State of California, being declared of disposing mind and sound judgment, and not acting under undue influence, being in my fourth year and about to depart this life forever, do hereby, in the name of my guardian, Miss Haworth, declare this my last will and testament, in manner following, to wit:—

First: I do bequeath to the faculty my earnest appreciation of their unfailing efforts to improve my mind.

Second: I do direct that all my worldly possessions be given in the following manner:

I. I do give and bequeath the grease on the flag-pole to the Low Seniors to accelerate their speed.

II. Frances Brandli's ones to Charley Clapp to help him nail the elusive sheep-skin.

III. The profound, stupendous and intricate workings of the mind of T. Archibald Miller to Mabel Baird.

IV. To Harold Goldbaum, the sprinter and prodigy of the oval, the record broad-jump of his pupil, "Andy" Hardin.

V. To future A. S. A. H. S. presidents and mob leaders, the eloquent, melodious and perfectly formed periodic sentences, together with the administrative and executive ability, of our most worthy and dearly beloved president, Wendell Hauch.

VI. The low hardly audible voice of Ad. Toye to Dorothy Baum, hoping it will keep her from deafening the attentive listeners at the students' meetings.

VII. Alice Brune's forwardness to the bashful(?) little freshmen, hoping it may prove their salvation.

VIII. Piker Eimer's passionately trained, scrubbing-brush hair, to Nick, hoping it will be of use to him in cleaning the cobwebs off some faculty member's brains.

IX. Charlie Rhein's height to Mr. Daniels.

X. Curtiss Bradford's wit(?) to Mr. T. M. Marshall, to help him in his well-planned recitations.

XI. Zdenka Buben's rag-time touch to Miss Frater, to have and to hold forever.

XII. Kenneth Logan's stupendous strength and leathery, muscular build to Charles Tilden.

XIII. Degen's fine "line of gow" to "Duke" Joseph, that he may scintillate in oral English and sway the mob at Students' Meetings.

XIV. To Mr. Rice, the quick artistic touch of Ed. Barnes.

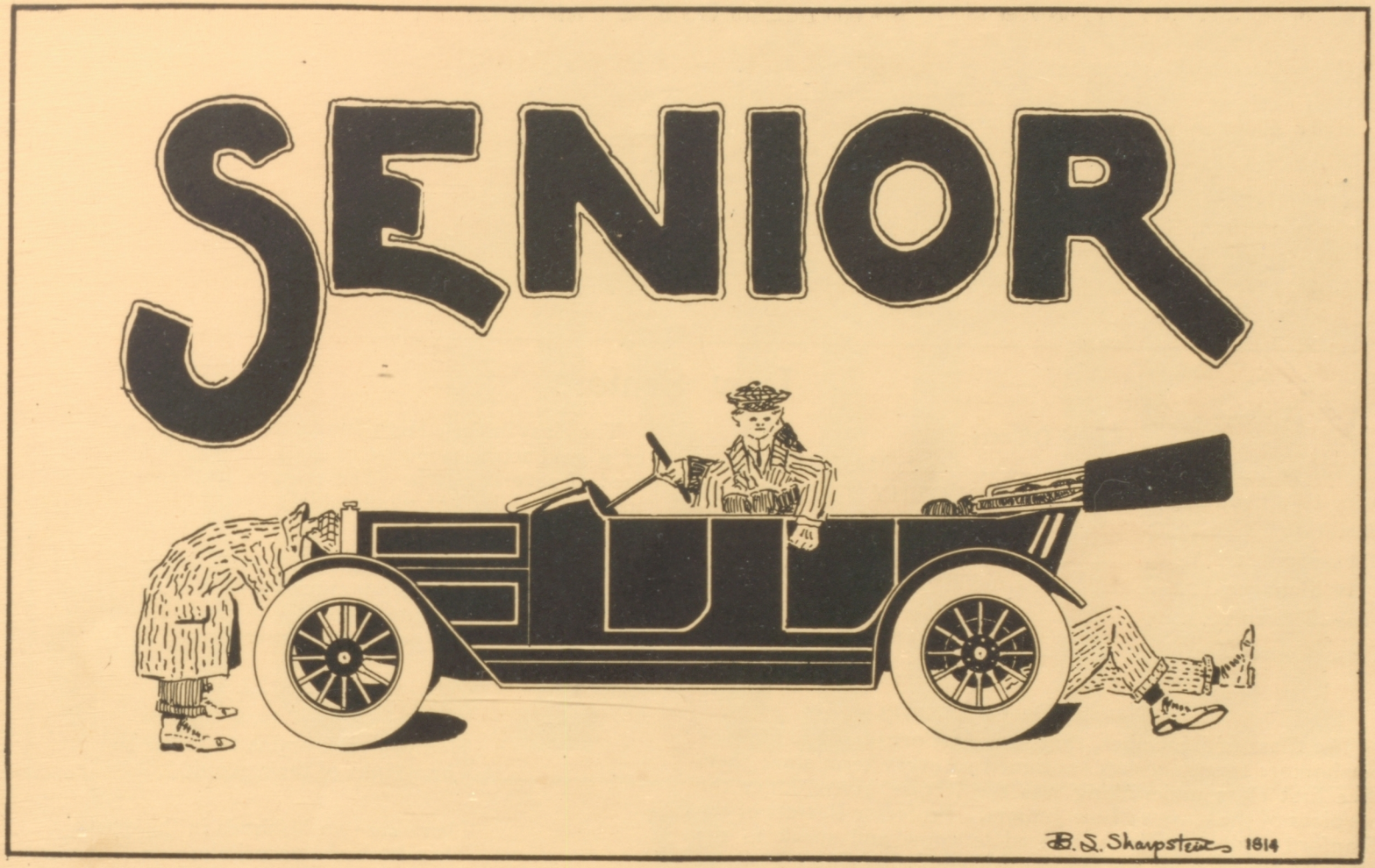
XV. Amy Whitney's new book, "Howe to Collect Bills" to lonesome maidens.

XVI. Dot Warren's auburn hair to "Tiss" D'Evelyn, so she will match her brother.

XVII. Edwina Moyes, Laura Wangemann, "Pansy" Murdock and an electric, to any boy willing to occupy the fourth seat.

Lastly, feeling the near approach of my last appearance among you, my beloved friends, and trusting you will keep my memory green when I have joined the departed ranks now awaiting on the Alumni shore, I hereby set my hand and seal, this nineteenth day of June, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen, A. D.

CLASS OF JUNE, '13.


SENIOR
B. L. Sharpsteen 1914

Low Seniors

Class Officers:

President ..... MAC RIDDELL
Vice-President ..... DOROTHY CLENNANN
Secretary ..... MABEL BAIRD
Treasurer ..... HILDA SWENSON
Play Manager ..... LAWRENCE HOFFMANN
Class Editor ..... WALTER BRUNE
Class Representatives ..... MILDRED JACOBS, WILFRED TRAPHAGEN

The Class of December, 1913.

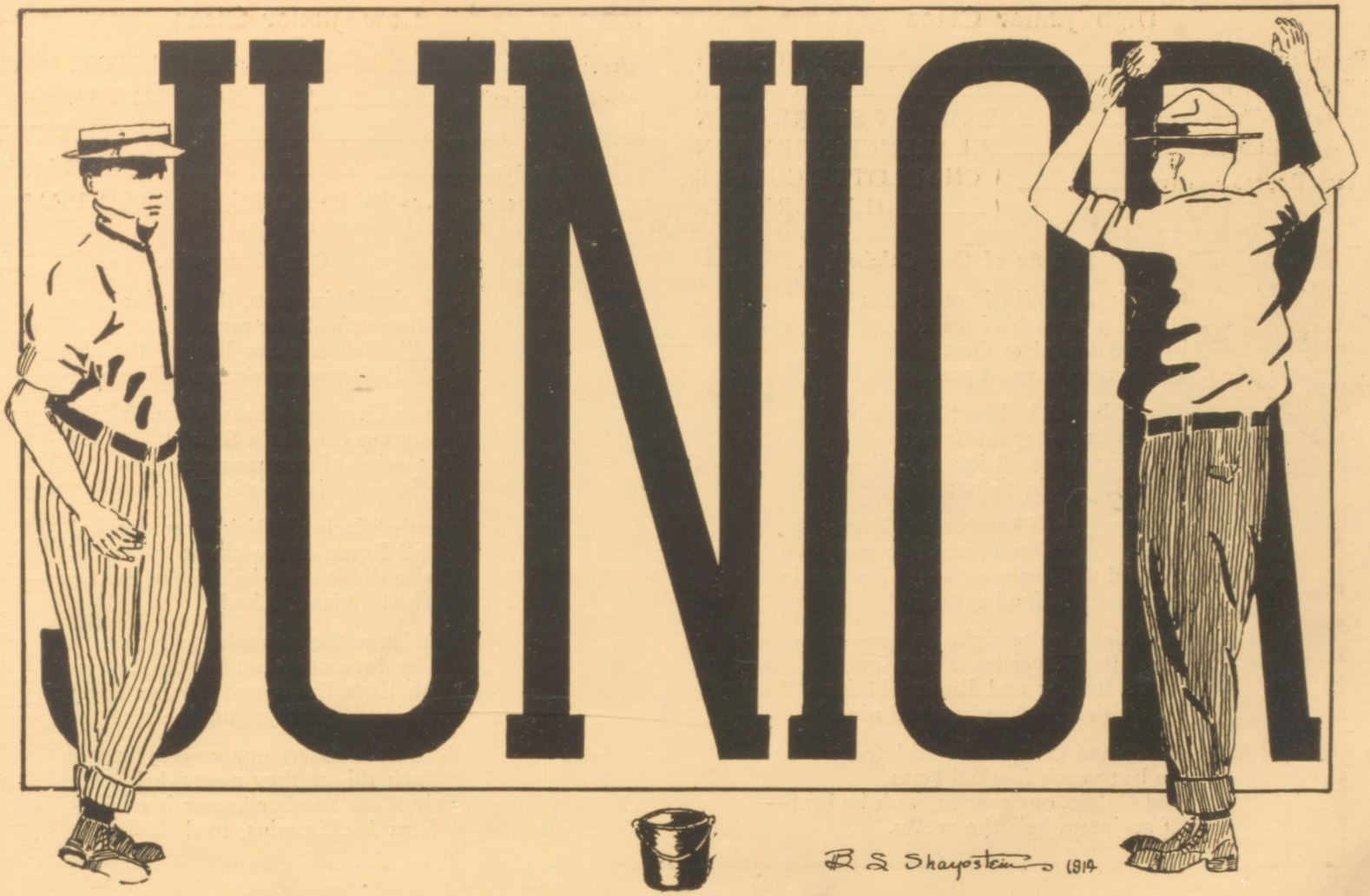
The Class of December, 1913, was first organized in its Low Sophomore term, and has continued so every term since then. The first class undertaking was the lecture given under the auspices of the class as Low Juniors. Professor Barrett of the Stanford University was induced to come and speak to the school. He took for his subject Alfred Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and treated it in a most interesting manner, making his visit a decided success.

The class in their High Junior term adopted a pin, consisting of a gold acorn, symbolic of A. H. S., with a graceful '13 composed of several pearls. The class is furthermore known for its high standard of scholarship.

"Grub" Higgins is a jolly lad
Who often cracks a joke.
But into heads like yours and mine
The points can never soak.

There is a very clever girl
To whom "ones" look familiar.
Had you such brains as Mabel Baird,
The weight of them would kill yer.

There are two Mildreds in the class;
They **both** are very jolly.
To name their obvious **differences,**
For me t'were utmost folly.


JUNIOR
R. S. Shayostein 1914

High Junior Class

President ..... ED. JOSEPH
Vice-President ..... ADA GABBS
Secretary-Treasurer ..... BENJAMIN SHARPSTEIN
Class Editor ..... CLARENCE NOBMANN
Class Representatives ..... { CHARLOTTE CULVER
..... BILLY BREWER

A Few of Our Celebrities.

Our class is full of noted ones
Of every branch of trade.
From Admiral to Orator
They come in great parade.

The Admiral is Ben Sharpstein,
Cartoonist of great fame;
The Orator we all know well—
Duke Joseph is his name.

As manager of vaudeville shows,
Ken Vaughan had great success,
And Addie Combs as the girl entertain
Won many a fond caress.

In society we're right on top—
Charlotte Culver leads that line,
While Brewer and Brancheid form the staff
That twirls for the baseball nine.

Tilden and Clapp were athletes great
On last year's football team,
And Goldie, our runner, can't be beat—
Of sprinters he's the cream.

Low Junior Class

President ..... GARDNER POND
Vice-President ..... HILDEGARDE VAN BRUNT
Secretary ..... JEAN STURTEVANT
Class Editor ..... GEORGE MEYER
Class Representatives ... DORIS IVES, DONALD PEARSON

Our Menagerie.

The show's in town, the Junior Low
Museum's all the rage,
"Red" Mehan roars behind the doors,
Walt Dessauer shakes his cage.

Frank Gard'ner glares, Vern Griffith stares—
But see the Latin Shark!
The prize of our menagerie,
His name is Morris Clark.

Here's "Zacher" Dickinson, the bold
Bill Bryan of the class;
Thrice did it seem he'd make the team—
Alas! Alas! Alas!

But leave the animals, and see
The dovecote—last but best;
With Erna Braue and Louise Thrane,
Claire Holbrook and the rest.

Who dare assert our co-eds flirt?
Such things they never do!
Fair Mary Dunbar knows it's false,
Elva McKimmins, too!

Sophomore
R. S. Sharpstone 1914

High Sophomore Class

President ..... KENNETH LYNCH
Vice-President ..... LOES SHARP
Secretary-Treasurer ..... CLYDE SHEPARDSON
Class Editor ..... ELIZABETH FRATER
Class Representatives ..... GRACE BRADFORD, DEAN PERKINS

Our Talent.

Perkins is our handsome boy,
He cheers full lustily,
He leads us, throws his arms about,
And claps his hands with glee.

Hello, Cello—Merrill Brown,
You chubby little tot,
Jolly and fat, and for all o' that,
You should worry not!

Weston Volberg; some class to him.
When he reaches the gates ajar,
Suppose he'll be playing, and some tune at that,
On his great big German guitar.

We can travel to England, to Germany, France,
And then come all the way back;
But of all the beauties we might see by chance,
None compares with our own Elaine Stack.

Dorothea Gehrken, 'tis plain to be seen,
(No reason why she ought to)
Always gets fussed when she hears the sirene,
Of a pretty little blue auto.

Low Sophomore Class

President ..... SAM HARDIN
Vice-President ..... LILLIAN SUYDAM
Secretary ..... NORMAN WEEDEN
Class Representatives ..... ELIZABETH FUNKE, HARRY ETTER
Class Editor ..... J. M. CREAGH

As We See Ourselves.

Our coming pugilistic lad,
Pick Rattray is his name,
With his head of crimson-colored hair
Will sure burn up the game.

A fellow they call H. Etter
The girls think very cute.
To make himself look better
He bought an English suit.

Our dear, beloved friend Em. Spear,
As a cut-up he's there a million;
For to his girl friends he appears
A regular devilish villyun.

The President of our Soph. Class
Is one big English Shark;
When Samuel starts to paraphrase
The dogs begin to bark.

A very classy little maid
No doubt is Miss Delamater,
But always leave at half past ten,
For she can't stay up any later.

FRESHMEN
A Einer

High Freshman Class

President ..... ALBERT GILLILAND
Vice-President ..... MARION WALDEN
Secretary ..... WALTER GARRET
Class Editor ..... BURTON WILCOX
Class Representatives ..... LOTTIE HAMILTON, HAROLD DEXTER

The Famous.

You all have heard of Little Jake,
He is in love, poor boy,
And when he looks at Marion
His eyes are filled with joy.

Next we must speak of Tiny Bates,
Our little Latin shark,
Who instead of tending to his work,
Goes queening after dark.

His heart 'tis said astray did go,
When he Ruth Heidt espied,
And then his little former dill,
Such great big tears she cried.

The girls all know about Henry,
For they think him so fair,
Though at most things he's quite a shark,
At ragging he's a bear.

Young Dexter is our famous man,
He's right up to the scratch,
He is an awful baseball fan,
And gosh! how he can catch,

Low Freshman Class

President ..... FRED TERRY
Vice-President ..... HELEN SANFORD
Secretary ..... VIRGINIA YOUNGER
Class Editor ..... BRUCE DILLMAN
Class Representatives ..... RUTH HEIDT, PHILIP HOLDEN

Noted Ones.

Fred Terry is a funny(?) boy,
A most precocious child;
But when he cracks those rotten jokes
He nearly drives you wild.

Miss Boyce is Mr. Daniels' pet,
A Latin shark is she,
We'll hope Miss Potwin won't be fussed
Or sick with jealousy.

Young Foster Miles is a nice little chap
And is the best of boys;
The only trouble with him is
His excess avoirdupois.

Chick Medcraft is a pretty boy,
Perhaps I should say "dill,"
But never mind what else he is,
He looks too sweet to kill.

Henry Westbrook is a bashful lad,
For he is never seen
A-riding 'round with a bunch of girls
In his Cadillac machine,

School Notes
A.H.S.
CAT

School Calendar for the Term of June, 1913

JANUARY—

9. School opens—"The very best Freshman Class"—is wheeled in by nurses.
10. Associated Student Body meeting.
17. Freshman Girls' Reception.
18. Higgins is seen approaching with a broad grin and a new blue shirt.
20. Administrative Board Meeting.
21. Lecture on Foreign Posters by Mr. Meyers of Berkeley Art School.
27. Executive Committee Meeting.
28. School Holiday given so that Daffy Durney may get a shave.
31. Student Body Meeting.

FEBRUARY—

8. Higgins' smile waning. Blue shirt cannot hold out much longer.
10. Administrative Board Meeting.
12. Lincoln's Birthday. Daddy Goodwin takes the little Goodwins out to celebrate. Miss Berg reads to Student Body.
14. Administrative Board Meeting.
15. Alameda vs. Lick Baseball Game.
16. 8 A. M. Higgins reluctantly 'phones Alameda Steam Laundry (see January 18 and February 8) to call for blue shirt. 12:30 A. M. Higgins returns with his clean blue shirt.
18. Strange person seen lurking around the vicinity of the High School.
19. Student Body Meeting.
20. Alameda plays St. Ignatius. Aha! Discovered! (see February 18.) It is only Charlie Oof, the barber, on the track of Hans Lemcke, ready to use the lawn-mower on his bushy golden locks before his dance.
12. A bunch of the fellows give a dance at Adelphian.
22. Alameda vs. Wilmerding.
23. Administrative Board Meeting.
24. Pot Baker, riding his motor-cycle to school, passes Margaret Temple and——
25. Pot Baker decides to purchase an extra seat for his motor-cycle.
26. Alameda plays Lowell High.
27. Margaret plans to try out motor-cycle.

MARCH—

1. Alameda vs. Hitchcock at Baseball.
2. Is Alameda High going to be turned into a conservatory?
3. No! That is only Doctor Thompson seated in the office surrounded by his well beloved tulips.
5. First league baseball game, Oakland vs. Alameda.
7. Arbor Day, Associated Students hold meeting.
8. (Morning) Alameda vs. Fremont.
(Evening) Baseball show at Haight School.
10. Executive Board Meeting.
12. Lecture on the Panama Canal at Lincoln School.
13. Meeting of the Associated Students of A. H. S.
15. Berkeley vs. Alameda; Baseball.
17. Vacation begins. Bunch of fellows leave for Brookdale and girls for Larkspur.
22. B. C. A. L. Track Meet.

24. School again. Girls gurggle over each other. (Afternoon) Meeting of the A. S. A. H. S.
25. Administrative Board Meeting.
26. Student Meeting.

APRIL—

2. Duke Joseph gets canned.
3. Moving picture lecture on "Good Salesmanship" by Mr. Mitchell of San Francisco (sixth and seventh periods).
4. California Inter-scholastic track-meet. Kappa Alpha Pi Alumni dance at Adelphian Hall.
5. Oakland Poly and Alameda play Baseball. California Inter-scholastic track-meet.
7. Ice-cream and peanut man arrives in his little red wagon. Nick gets job cleaning up peanut shells.
8. Old Italian and wife serenade the A. H. S. The boys are touched.
10. Folk dancing for Junior and Senior Girls begins. Every Thursday hereafter will see them tripping "on the light fantastic toe" (??).
11. Low Seniors pull off their play, "A Bachelor's Wooing," at the New Alameda Theater.
14. Executive Committee Meeting. Duke Joseph comes back (see April 2).
15. Associated Students' Meeting. First of a series of illustrated lectures by Mr. Agard, "The Greek Play in the Greek Theater."
16. Don Pearson, in the 6th period, asks study teacher to announce that he wishes quiet in the hall while he studies his English.
17. Stag yell rally in the Assembly Hall. New yells tried out.
18. High Juniors give a Dance.
19. Alameda vs. Haywards Baseball game.
22. Lecture on Engineering Courses at the University of California by Mr. Arthur Alvarez. (Miss Haworth's Room, 5th period.)
Evening Lecture by Mr. Agard.
23. Teachers wonder what has happened to students' recitations. (Oh, you Moose Carnival.) Recess; Candy Sale for phonograph.
9:00 p. m. Invitations being scarce, students nevertheless attend Connie Van Brunt's wedding (trees outside hold large multitudes).
24. Horrors on horrors! Are we going to lose one of our beloved teachers? How can we bear to give her up.
26. Alpha Sigma Alumni Convention dance at the St. Francis.
27. Cheer up! Miss Hewett only rides with Mr. Phelps because she prefers it to walking.
28. 2 a. m. High Seniors put up their flag.
7 a. m. Interested High Senior girls arrive.
9 a. m. The school takes notice.
3 p. m. Session in the office.
4:30 p. m. 250 students manage to capture fifteen High Senior fellows.

MAY—

1. Holiday ! ! !
2. Yell Rally.
7. Folk dancing exhibition (Girls only).
8. A. S. A. H. S. Meeting.
10. Social Evening of "Star and Key" at the home of Miss Berg.
14. ACORN goes to press. Hurray ! !
15. School mutilated.
28 and 29. Visitors' day at the HighSchool.
30. Decoration Day.

JUNE—

13. Seniors celebrate their last day at school.
19. Commencement.
20. High Senior Dance.

VACATION ! ! !

Notes of Interest for the Term of June, 1913

LECTURE ON FOREIGN POSTERS.

JANUARY 21st, Mr. Meyers, head of the California School of Arts and Crafts, delivered a most interesting lecture on foreign posters. The High School auditorium was made attractive by a splendid display of colored posters arranged artistically along the walls. Mr. Meyers illustrated his remarks with these posters which he had brought from Germany, France, and Spain. He told of the foreign method of advertising, as compared with the glaring "bill boards" of America. Instead of attracting attention by means of mere quantity of material, in these countries small posters of great beauty, printed from designs of well known artists, are used and found to be the most effective. Not only from a business standpoint are these posters most successful, but by them the people are given real art.

Mr. Meyers' lecture was enthusiastically received, and we are sure that all attending learned something about the art of advertising.

LINCOLN DAY READING.

February 12, 1913.

On Lincoln Day, the students gathered in the auditorium to hear an appropriate program. Dr. Thompson spoke a few words concerning the greatness of Lincoln and then introduced Miss Berg, who read Mary Raymond Andrews' "Perfect Tribute." The students knew there was a treat in store, as Miss Berg had favored them before. From the attention in the room during the reading and from the silence afterward, we know that the students greatly appreciated the program.

ARBOR DAY.

March 7.

The program for the afternoon was put into the hands of Mr. Agard and his Oral English Class, who made it a very pleasant one. Moreover, as the speeches were prepared in a day and not memorized, they seemed more the direct words of the students. Miss Laura Wangeman spoke on the life and work of Luther Burbank; Mr. Edward Bates and Mr. Ed. Joseph discussed the conservation of national forests. These three members of the Oral English Class certainly deserve commendation. It is very gratifying to find students who are able to speak before the school on holidays, so that it is not necessary to seek an outsider for every occasion.

LECTURE ON THE PANAMA CANAL.

On March 12th, Mr. Lick of the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company spoke at the Lincoln School on the Panama Canal. The lecture was given especially for the Physical Geography Class and the High Seniors of the High School, but could not be given in our auditorium, as it was illustrated by motion pictures, and we have no machine. A large crowd gathered to see the delightful stereopticon pictures of the proposed buildings for the Fair.

MOTION PICTURE LECTURE ON GOOD SALESMANSHIP.

On April 3, 1913, under the auspices of the "Star and Key Society," a moving picture lecture was given by Mr. N. Mitchell of San Francisco, on "Good Salesmanship." The films and machine we brought from San Francisco for the occasion.

This was indeed a most instructive and interesting lecture. The contrast shown in the pictures between good and poor salesmanship brought forth hearty laughter from all. The fellows who work over Christmas vacations have, we hope, benefited by the setting forth of these common mistakes of amateur salesmen.

Mr. Mitchell's lecture was appreciated exceedingly by the whole school.

LECTURE ON ENGINEERING COURSES.

April 22.

Mr. Arthur Alvarez, formerly of the A. H. S., now a member of the faculty of the University of California, addressed the Trigonometry students April 22nd, on the training of an engineer, the qualities required of an engineer, and the opportunities usually open to engineers.

"As far as engineering is concerned, there are three subjects of fundamental importance,—Mathematics, Physics and English. It is not the isolated facts that are valuable, but it is the training which prepares you for more intensive study along similar lines in college. While devoting your attention to the technical side of engineering, you cannot afford to miss substantial electives like History, English and Economics. There is not the slightest doubt that the man with broad training in the so-called culture subjects in addition to his specialized knowledge is the man who has the best chance to rise.

"The necessary qualities of an engineer are natural rather than acquired; absolute honesty, keen judgment in dealing with human nature, tact and firmness, executive ability, close observation and clear perceptions. There is always room at the top, but do not be afraid of beginning at the bottom, for your training will tell."

MR. AGARD'S TUESDAY NIGHT LECTURES.

The Board of Education has authorized a course of free lectures, known as the High School Extension Course. These talks are informal and are intended to interest graduates and parents of pupils. On nine Tuesday evenings Mr. Agard has lectured on the Growth of Types of the Novel, and on the three other evenings has talked on Christmas and Its Observance, on the Exhibition of a Greek Play, and on Folk Plays and early Dramatic Representations.

It is hoped that other teachers also may be made to take part in this profitable extension of our High School.

Mr. Agard's lectures up to date have been on:—

1. Beowulf and early Folk Poetry.
2. Chaucer and the Short Story.
3. The Political Romance.
4. Romance of Chivalry.
5. The Literature of Roguery.
6. Allegory and Pilgrims' Progress.
7. The Realistic Novel.
8. The Sentimental and Ultra-Romantic Novel.
9. The Humanitarian and Problem Novel.
10. Christmas and Its Observance in History.
11. The Exhibition of a Greek Drama.
12. Folk Plays and Their Representations.

EXHIBITION OF SCHOOL WORK.

May 28 and 29.

On May the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth the school is to be opened to visitors. On the afternoon of each day there is to be a general exhibit of art and technical work, such as cabinet-making, freehand and mechanical drawing, designs, water-colors, maps, charts, graphs, copper work, and domestic science and art. There will also be briefs, outlines of plays, stereopticon slides and other things of interest. On Wednesday and Thursday afternoons there will be special programs in several classrooms, to which visitors are invited.

On Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock an educational vaudeville and reception will be given. The vaudeville will include an old English musical play, a short French play, a German, a Spanish, and a Latin play, a debate, and a demonstration of scientific curiosities and wonders of modern invention. Music will be furnished by the School Orchestra.

WHAT SOME OF US ARE LEARNING.

I believe there are a very few of the students in High School, besides those taking the course, who know about what the Alameda High School girls are doing in Domestic Science over at the Porter School. We make different dishes every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, while on Mondays we have lecture work relating to all branches of household economy, and recitation. The time is used on Thursday to write up notes and experiments.

Every term we give three or four full course meals, either a breakfast, luncheon or dinner. For these, the menus are selected from those dishes we have already prepared. At a luncheon we entertained Mr. Wood and Dr. Thompson and at other times several of the teachers. I will let one of them tell you herself what she thought of it.

Each one of us is so busy in his own special department that there is little opportunity to follow closely the work done elsewhere. But occasionally there comes a revelation.

One day a student came to ask me if I would be a guest at a breakfast to be given at 11:30 the following Friday morning. I accepted gladly. On arriving at the Porter School I was met by the girl who had invited me, and ushered into a small dining room on the ground floor. There I found a table laid for six. In the center was a beautiful bowl of yellow roses and at each place was an artistic yellow and white place card. The dainty white china with narrow gold banding carried out the color-scheme, as did also a dish of inviting marmalade.

I learned that the China belongs to the A. H. S. Cooking Class, and my attention was called to the A. H. S. monogram on the silver. One of the girls acted as host, one as the hostess, and the other three as guests. Two girl students served as maids, observing strictly all the duties and proprieties, as did also the host and hostess. And I was very surprised at the efficiency evident in every aspect of the service. The food was perfectly prepared and daintily served. Never have I tasted more delicious waffles or coffee. In fact, everything was as good as could be and there was no lack anywhere.

The menu was the one selected by the girls from the number submitted by the members of the class. The class problem was to provide a breakfast for a given number at a set price. The complete breakfast for six cost 59 cents! I wish each girl in the school might have the practical training in Domestic Science, for there is not only opportunity to acquire the knowledge of the manual side of cooking and serving, but also there are invaluable lessons in economy of time and material, household arithmetic, orderliness, and good taste.

—A GUEST.

ORGANIZATIONS

The Associated Student Body

President ..... WENDELL HAUCH
Vice-President ..... DOROTHY BAUM
Secretary ..... HANS LEMCKE
Treasurer ..... MR. W. MINIUM

Committee-at-Large.

ANDREW HARDIN,
RAYMOND DURNEY,
(Vacancy filled by KENDRICK VAUGHAN)
CHARLES TILDEN, MARION MURDOCK,
IRENE WUERZ, ADELINE TOYE.

Class Representatives.

SENIORS—
High ..... ADELINE TOYE, EDWIN BARNES
Low ..... MILDRED JACOBS, WILFRED TRAPHAGEN

JUNIORS—
High ..... CHARLOTTE CULVER, BILL BREWER
Low ..... DORIS IVES, DONALD PEARSON

SOPHOMORES—
High ..... GRACE BRADFORD, DEAN PERKINS
Low ..... ELIZABETH FUNKE, HARRY ETTER

FRESHMEN—
High ..... LOTTIE HAMILTON, HAROLD DEXTER
Low ..... RUTH HAMILTON, PHILIP HOLDEN

GREETINGS.

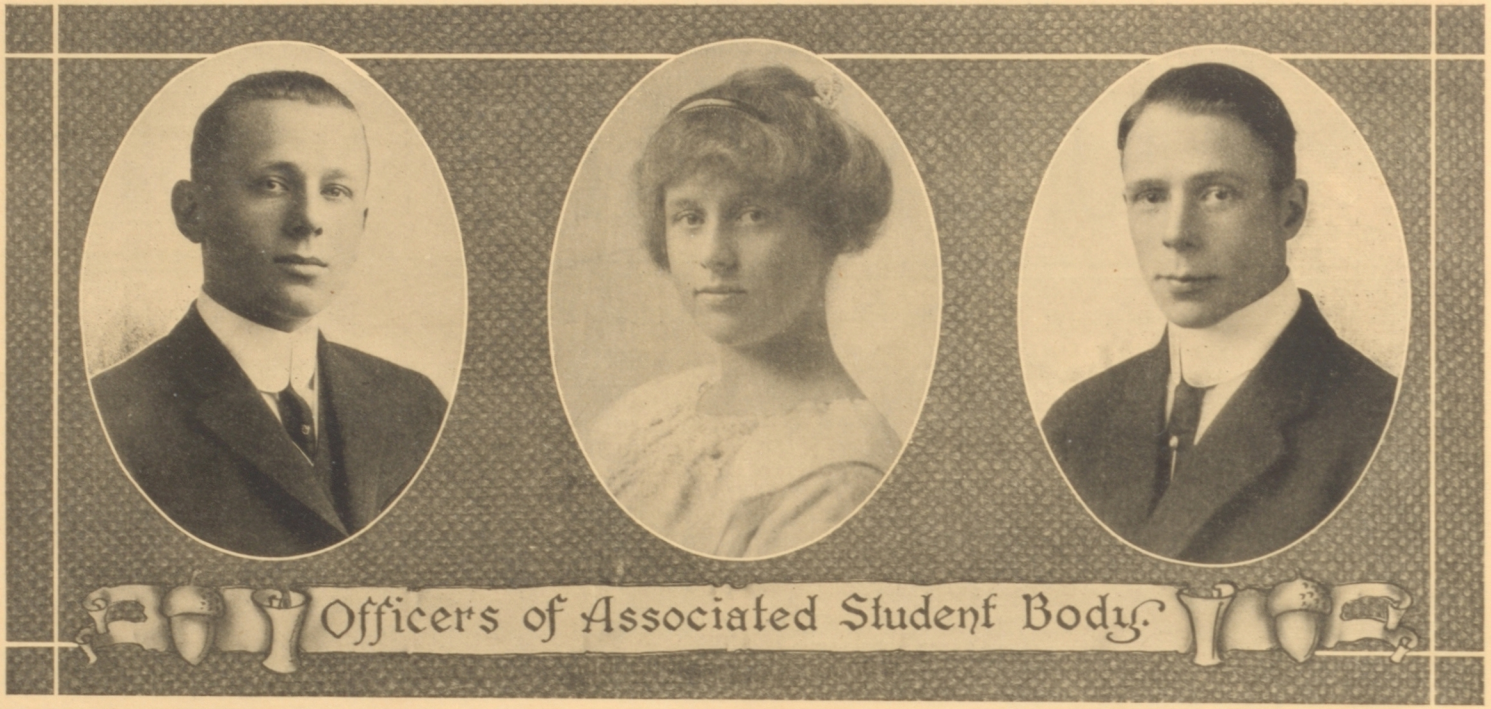
TO the Students and Faculty of the Alameda High School—greetings:

The Board and officers thank you for your loyal support, which has made possible the success of this administration.

The students have supported every activity of the school in a splendid manner and the success that attended the vaudeville show, the Senior Play, the yell contest, and this issue of the ACORN clearly shows the spirit that prevails throughout the school.

The prosperity which marks this term is proven by the fact that after printing our Constitution we still have a large amount of money in the treasury. I sincerely hope that in the future the students will be united in their efforts to secure for the school a prosperity greater than that enjoyed by any other high school in the state.

WENDELL M. HAUCH, President.



WENDELL HAUCH DOROTHY BAUM HANS LEMCKE

Associated Student Meetings

January 10, 1913.

The first associated student meeting of the term was held, as of old, in the assembly hall. The well known and now firmly established cry of, "Pay your dues," was the introduction of the meeting.

January 31, 1913.

Lo and behold! We were all spellbound by the Alameda High Orchestra, which played for the first time in the history of the school. Indeed, it was a surprise to most of us, and a pleasing one at that. Several fine selections were rendered

during the meeting. All those in the orchestra surely deserve a great deal of credit for the way they have worked and for what they have accomplished.

President Hauch spoke a few words praising the new Orchestra.

Short talks were delivered by Mr. Hardin, Mr. Lemcke, and Mr. Vaughan.

February 19, 1913.

After the usual formalities, the Orchestra played most pleasingly a few short selections.

President Hauch talked briefly on activities of the student body.

Mr. Hardin, Mr. Lemcke, and Miss Toye spoke about school spirit, track, baseball and the story and yell contest.

Mr. Krusi and others spoke about the ACORN.

March 13, 1913.

Every one was interested in the Senior Play. A meeting was held especially for the purpose of telling the students something about it. Mr. Carlyle spoke, giving a synopsis of the play, and Mr. Stroupe and others told about the cast.

March 24, 1913.

At this meeting it was decided that the Alameda High School join the Examiner contest, and Charles Tilden was elected as candidate. All were urged to support the candidate.

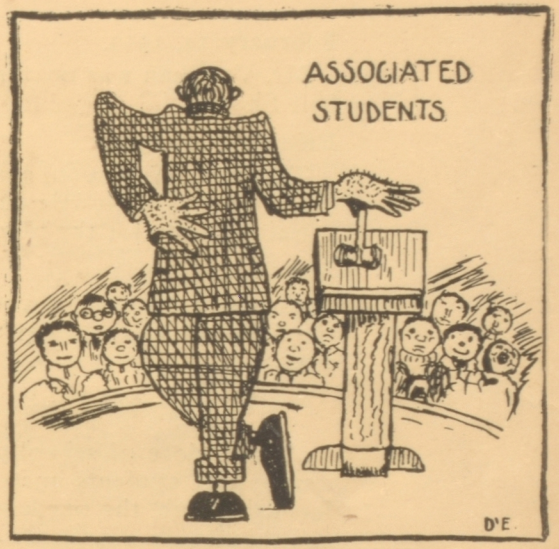
March 28, 1913.

This meeting marked the beginning of the reign of King Hoffman, whom we might say was then officially crowned and who from now on may be looked upon as the King of the A. H. S.

It was announced at this meeting that the proceeds from the Low Senior Class Play would be sent East to aid the sufferers in Ohio.

April 15, 1913.

Several people, including Mr. Barnes, Mr. Tilden, and Mr. Joseph, spoke about the Examiner contest. Mr. Barnes gave a few selections on the piano which were greatly enjoyed by all.



May 8, 1913.

The purpose of the meeting being first to get "dope" on the ACORN, and second to raise enthusiasm for the Examiner contest, Mr. Krusi, Mr. Eimer, Mr. Tilden and Mr. Barnes spoke. The new yells were tried out for the first time before an audience.

Administrative Board Meetings

January 20, 1913.

A great deal of business was carried on at this meeting, as it was the first one of this term. Possibly the most important was the unanimous election of Mr. Krusi as Editor of the ACORN and Mr. Eimer as manager. Also there was the election of Mr. Bradford and Mr. Hardin as baseball delegates.

January 27, 1913.

It was decided at this meeting, after a great deal of discussion, that the Alameda High School join the Bay County League. The ACORN staff was voted upon.

February 10, 1913.

Permission was given to the baseball team to arrange for a vaudeville show.

February 14, 1913.

Mr. Vaughan was unanimously elected manager of the Baseball Show.

February 23, 1913.

This meeting granted permission to the Star and Key Society to give a sandwich sale on Wednesday, February 25, in order to raise money for the prizes for yell and story contest.

March 10, 1913.

This was an extra short meeting. It was decided to allow the baseball team to keep their coach until the games were over.

March 25, 1913.

Mr. Joseph was unanimously elected manager of the Examiner Contest.

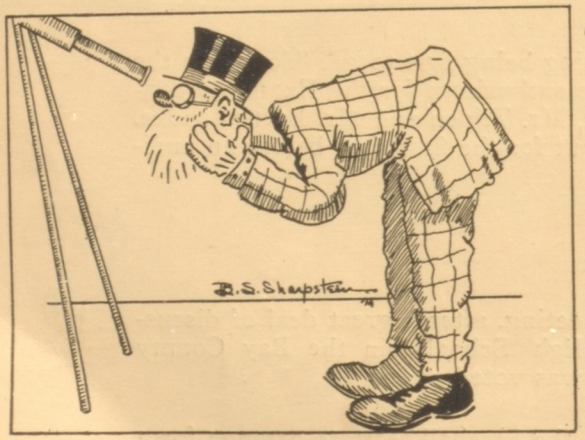
The Auditing Committee, composed of Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Hardin, and Mr. Tilden, approved of the report of the Baseball Show.

April 14, 1913.

It was voted to print copies of the constitution of the A. S. A. H. S.

The Astronomy Club

At the close of school on Thursday, January twenty-third, a group of students met in Miss Hewitt's class-room and formed a club, the purpose of which was to study astronomy.



The officers who were later elected (unanimously) were: President, Carlos Mundt; Vice-President, Mary Dunbar; Secretary, Harold Rogers. The purpose of the club being one of pleasure, no dues were declared payable.

The general rule adopted concerning the club activities was as follows: When weather conditions permitted, observation of the heavenly bodies was to be in order, but when the weather was unfavorable for observation reports were to be given on previously assigned topics.

A notable evening was that of March fifth. The atmosphere was exceedingly inert and, there being no moon, conditions were thoroughly favorable to successful observation. Venus was seen to be like a moon within several days of the half-moon phase. Saturn and his rings could be plainly seen. The group of the Pleiades was also observed; much wonder being expressed at the large number of stars visible. Finally, the great Nebula in Orion was noticed to be a great mass of matter, seemingly very hot.

Two telescopes were used, one being school property, the other belonging to one of the members of the club. Both did excellent work, considering the diameter of the lenses, two inches.

A trip to Chabot Observatory has been planned and all members of the club anticipate an enjoyable evening. It is to be hoped that other school clubs will be formed with an equal amount of success.

—CARLOS MUNDT.

The Star and Key Society

PERMANENT MEMBERS.

High Seniors.

BERNICE D'EVELYN
AUSTIN EIMER
MARION MURDOCK
EVA STEELE
ADELINE TOYE
EDWINA MOYES
LE ROY KRUSI
AUDREY SPENCE
CURTISS BRADFORD
FRANCIS BRANDLI
IDA REDMOND
MELBA THOMAS
LAURA MOHRING

Low Seniors.

CLAIRE DAMKROEGER
MABEL BAIRD
MILDRED JACOBS
DOROTHY CLENNANN
LAWRENCE DEAN
VERAL HOGAN

High Juniors.

RUTH BARKER
H. AKAGI
ADA GABBS
EDWIN HEINSOHN
ELLSWORTH LE COUNT
ALICE LEVY
CLARENCE NOBMANN
VAN STEELE
KENDRICK VAUGHAN

Low Juniors.

MORRIS CLARK
HILLER ZOBEL
BRUCE FARRINGTON

High Sophomores.

MERRILL BROWN
FLORENCE PETERSON
LOES SHARPE
WESTON VOLBERG

Enthusiasm and spirit marked the beginning of the spring term of 1913 for the Star and Key Honor Society, and this enthusiasm did not stop at the beginning, but has continued without interruption throughout the term. The meetings have been exceptionally well attended, and have been full of interest and "pep."

The first meeting of the term was called by last term's President, LeRoy Krusi, on January 13, and was attended by a large number of students. Its purpose was to elect officers and establish an organization of permanent members. The officers elected were: President, Kendrick Vaughan; Vice-President, Adeline Toye; Treasurer, Clarence Nobmann; Recording Secretary, Mac Riddell; Corresponding Secretary, Loes Sharp. The business of electing officers over, it was de-

cided that there should be an organization of permanent members, and it was voted that all students who had been three consecutive or four non-consecutive terms on the Honor Roll should be entitled to permanent membership in the Star and Key Society. Later on in the term pins were decided upon, which were to be worn only by permanent members. The right to wear these pins is enough to cause any one to work hard in order to secure that privilege, for they are very artistic.

The Star and Key decided to give prizes again this term for the three best stories and the three best school yells handed in. The prizes for the stories were five dollars for the best story, two dollars for the second best, and a dollar for the third best. George Meyer was the lucky winner of the first prize, Mabel Baird the second, and Jessie Wilkes the third. Donald Stroup received honorable mention, and his story is in the ACORN. The prizes for the yells were: First prize, three dollars, to Raymond Durney; second prize, two dollars, to LeRoy Krusi; third prize, a dollar divided between Kendrick Vaughan and Walter Dessauer.

But business does not occupy all or nearly all of the time of the Star and Key members. A very pleasant evening was spent at Mrs. Nobmann's home, which she kindly offered to the society for a social evening. Any one who enjoyed Mrs. Nobmann's hospitality will tell how delightful it was, and that the hands of the clock seemed possessed with wings, they flew around so quickly.

The Star and Key also gave a sandwich sale during the term, on which was realized eight dollars.

One of the best things given by the Star and Key this term was the entertaining and instructive lecture by Mr. N. Mitchell, a prominent business man of San Francisco, on "The Right and Wrong Way to Sell Goods," which was illustrated with exceedingly interesting motion pictures. The whole High School attended the lecture, and all voted it extremely instructive.

The prospects of the Society for the remainder of this term are exceedingly bright. Miss Berg has offered her home to the Star and Key for another of those delightful evenings of pleasant entertainment which all who attended last term and the term before will recall with feelings of pleasant reminiscence, and keen anticipation of the one to come.

The Society has also decided to give another boat ride on May 24th. There is no necessity for saying any more than that. Remembrances of last term's boat ride will be enough to insure the attendance of all able to go.

Every student of Alameda High upon reading of the interesting things the Star and Key Society has done, is doing, and will continue to do, will, I am sure, start in directly to study hard so that he may attain the privilege of becoming a member of that wide-awake Society.

—LOES SHARP.

Folk-Dancing

ABOUT the middle of March, a most interesting announcement was made to the upper class girls. Miss Gallagher, U. C. '14, had consented to come to Alameda once a week to give the girls lessons in folk-dancing. Since the first of the term we had heard suggestions of something that might happen, but this was even greater than our expectations.

The club organized on March 20th, electing Adeline Toye President and Zdenka Buben Secretary. When the club was formed, owing to the need of restricting the size of the class, only Junior and Senior girls were asked to join.

The last meeting was held on May 7th, and the class asked their friends to come (for 10 cents!) to Adelphian, and see what progress they had made. They prepared a short program:

1—Welcome.....Adeline Toye
2—Danish Dance of Greeting } .....By the Class
3—Lady Walpole's Rell.....}
4—Vocal Solo.....Eva Steele
5—Chimes of Dunkirk..... } .....By the Class
6—Pop Goes the Weasel }
7—Presentation of Gift to Miss Gallagher.....
.....By the President
8—Shoemaker's Dance } .....By the Class
9—The Flutter.....}

Dancing for all followed. Every one seemed to enjoy herself and the Club felt that the afternoon had been a success.

The whole course, thanks to Miss Buben, who acted as our pianist during the whole course, to the kindness of Miss Haworth, to the able teaching of Miss Gallagher, and to the lively interest of the girls themselves, was most enjoyable and beneficial and we hope that this class, though the first, may not be the last.

THE BASEBALL SHOW.

IN the evening of March 8, 1913, the spacious assembly hall of Haight School was filled with students of Alameda High, their parents, and people residing in Oakland, Fruitvale, Berkeley, and San Francisco. Their eager voices and brilliant faces brought forth the idea that they were awaiting some big affair. And indeed they were, for this was the evening of the Stupendous Baseball Show.

At 8:15 P. M. the curtain was supposed to rise, but it didn't! Anyway, the school orchestra, which is considered the greatest congregation of amateur musicians this side of the estuary, filled the hall with heavenly music, causing most of the audience to do the weeping stunt. Throughout the performance the orchestra played its wonderful repertoire, much to the delight of the on-lookers.

Immediately after the first selection by the orchestra came John Nicholson, the Caruso of Alameda High, whose exquisite voice filled the hall with such music as had never before been heard there.

Following John came Addie Combs, the wonderful poetess. She rendered several selections of her own superb composing, and the audience was intensely interested throughout her act.

Number four on the program was a skit by Nathaniel Neal and George Latham. These fellows, although yet very young, were indeed good, and the school wishes them great success when they go on "The Broadway" during the 1915 Fair.

Following them appeared the wizardess of the ivories, Elizabeth Frater. Her selection was, as usual, marvelous.

A skit termed "The Pipe of Peace" was next, featuring Adeline Toye, Randolph Sharpstein, and Velma Delameter. Adeline Toye, a second Maude Adams, is also a suffragette, and the only one Alameda High has. Randolph Sharpstein, tak-

ing the part of Joe Terrill, Ad's husband, taught the boys how to make love, how to roll pills, and how to succeed in married life. Velma Delameter, as Molly the maid, was so very good that she undoubtedly will be the leading lady in her class play, which will be given in April, 1915. Keep the date open and reserve your ticket.

After this followed a short intermission, during which the orchestra played some classic selections.

Next on the menu came the famous trio, consisting of Zdenka Buben, Merrill Brown, and Rudolph Buben, with their touching and beautiful music.

Following them was Florence Miller, the operatic soprano, who is engaged for six weeks at the New Tivoli opera house.

Number ten on the program was Edwin Barnes, the "six-foot-five, kill-kare-kartoonist," who drew some very funny cartoons.

Following Ed., and number eleven on the program, was the minstrel show. In this were featured a number of fellows as. "Washington Bugoo" Bates, "Bud Pernoll" Brewer, "Duke of Norway" Joseph, "A Bird Rastus" Krusi, and "Deacon Sambo" Vaughan, with a chorus of "Jackson" Spear, "Alexander" Lynch, "Jefferson" Pearson, "Spearmint" Bates, "Adams Pepsin" Palmer, and "Percival" Clark. The fellows, despite their names, did exceedingly well and their clever jokes and snappy songs were an addition to the program. But the real hitting of the piece was contributed by some visitors from Oakland, who later proved their generosity by paying for the retinting of the walls, made necessary by their poor marksmanship.

The show was considered a great success, but the greatest success was in the financial line, for the show netted the good sum of $85 to the A. H. S. treasury.

KENDRICK VAUGHAN,

The Baseball Show

The team once gave a baseball show,
There was some talent there:
Although I fear that some might say,
What's that? The Dickens! Where?

Flossie Miller with her voice,
And Addie with her line,
A combination such as that
Certainly was fine.

The orchestra played the whole time,
And some time people shouted,
"Oh, Hoffman, pray take it away,
That classic(?) should be routed."

Ran Sharpstein and Ad. Toye were there,
In a clever little skit,
And to produce a thing like that
Must sure have took some grit.

The vegetables commenced to come,
When Nat Neal took the stage,
And Latham saw before his eyes
Eggs famous for their age.

Red Barnes was there with his red hair,
And with his charcoal too,
But pray tell me, as to a friend,
Just what was that he drew?

But last came Bates' Minstrels, black,
The crown(?) of the whole show,
Bill Brewer, Duke, A Bird, and Deac
Were wild, but awful slow(?)

They cracked some naughty little jokes,
What's that, you say they ragged?
I do not know, if that is so,
But fine ripe eggs they bagged.

The Senior Play

"A Bachelor's Wooing."

FOLLOWING the general rule of Low Senior Classes, the December Class of 1913 staged a wonderful production under the guidance of Mr. Fred Carlyle. Lawrence Hoffman was elected manager, and he proved a very able one.

The play was given in the New Alameda Theater on April 11, 1913, and was a decided success. From a financial standpoint, it was the most successful ever given by the Alameda High. The money, however, except one hundred dollars, was not kept in the class treasury, but was sent to Indiana and Ohio for the flood sufferers. The hundred dollars was kept to be used for the ACORN of December, 1913.

The play, from the standpoint of acting, showed that the class possessed some excellent talent. The cast, with the exception of one minor part, was selected from the Low Senior Class.

Lawrence Dean as leading man entered into the spirit of his part most fully, making it hard to discern which came most natural to him, the personification of a middle aged, silent, thoughtful man, or of a young fellow deeply in love.

Dorothy Clennann's interpretation of Sylvia was greeted with hearty applause, much merited by her naturalness and ease.

Helen and Harriet, two very promising actresses, were at first delightful society ladies, but later became equally pleasing country maidens. Clementina, with a warm heart and a spicy tongue, was one of the hits of the performance. Gerald, the brother of David, proved to be a wise old "owl," and through his "hunch" David obtained his lady fair. Savage appeared more as a young society leader, than he did as an actor. He also evinced much knowledge of the art of love-making. Walter Brune, as David's secretary, was another hit of the show. Harold showed that he could act as well as manage shows. The part of Mulberry could not have been acted better. It was done very cleverly, and his funny postures brought many a hearty laugh. James, the butler, was so natural that the audience wondered if the class had imported him from England.

Following is the cast of characters:—

DAVID HOLMES, a literary critic, experiencing a healthy rejuvenation at the hands of his ward, Sylvia, and her aid, Cupid ..... LAWRENCE DEAN

SYLVIA SOMERS, David's ward, operating skillfully on a leap-year schedule till she finds herself in the right man's arms ..... DOROTHY CLENNANN

GERALD HOLMES, David's brother, has "broken every law he knows of, and the cake's all eaten," but he is regenerated and responds to his new love ..... DONALD STROUPE

HARRIET LEICESTER, a society girl whose blase demeanor gives way to a whole-hearted interest in chickens and—Gerald! ..... HELEN STURTEVANT

"SAVAGE," a modern literary man, who believes in naturalism and finds his theory delightfully responded to by his choice ..... MAC RIDDELL

HELEN LE GRAND, David's sister, a "merry widow," who explores the paths of literature and finds real love ..... VERAL HOGAN

CLEMANTINA, the "maiden lady," who has left her maiden years behind her, and has a warm heart in spite of her severe exterior and sharp tongue ..... LOTTIE RUSSELL

MARTIN BEGGS, David's secretary, squelched by Clemantina in his first attempt at participating in David's rejuvenation ..... WALTER BRUNE

HAROLD REYNOLDS, aspirant to Sylvia's hand till $10,000 turns his head ..... LAWRENCE HOFFMANN

MR. MULBERRY, a literary man with a classical education not appreciated by the public and capable of being suddenly scared into very queer postures ..... GARDNER GOLDTHWAITE

JAMES, the butler ..... DONALD HUISH

What was Cast on the Stage

Our play was great, you'll all agree;
The full house proved its worth.
It showed what some "Unknowns" could do
Besides exciting mirth.

Old Dean and Sylvia Somers, too,
Deserve unstinted praise,
The way they made love surely caused
The audience to gaze.

Helen Sturtevant and Stroupe were there;
They first seemed quite unsuited.
Old Mother Clem took them in hand;
Then joy was undiluted.

Riddell was smitten with the charms
Of fair Helen le Grand;
His love, it most drove him to drink,
Until he won her hand.

Old Brune had once been in love,
Although sent off rejected,
But after Lottie took him back
He sure was kept subjected.

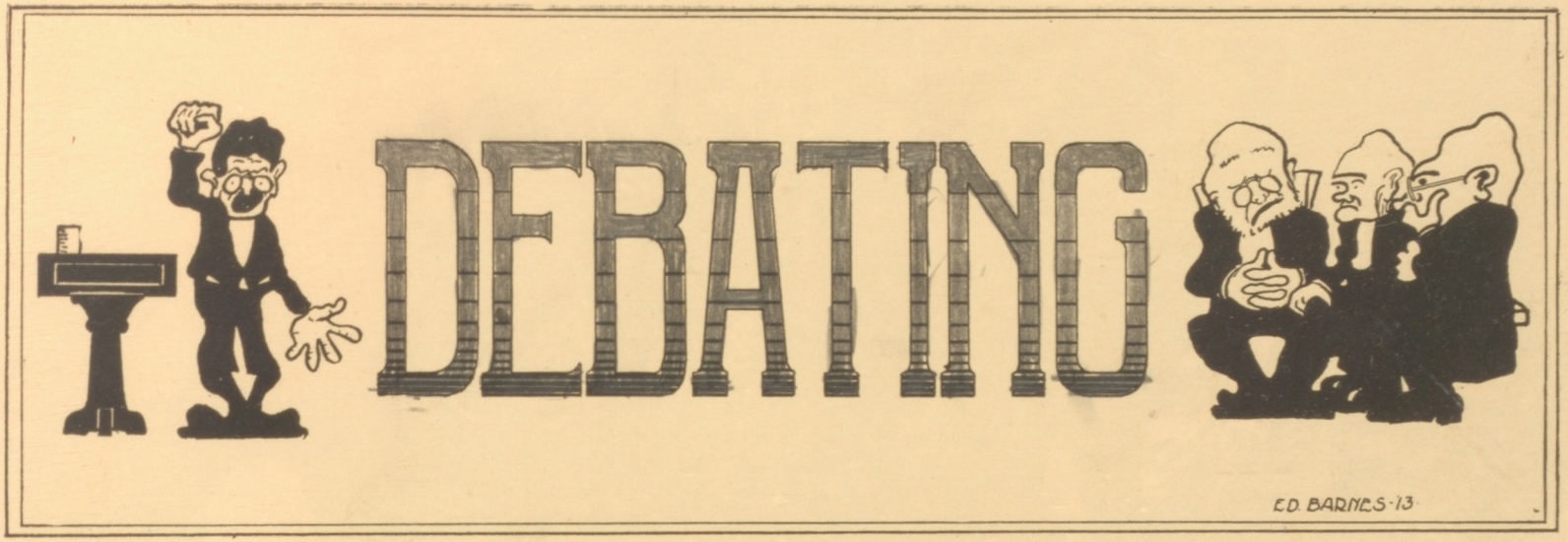
Mulberry was a learned man
Who kept his mouth shut tight,
But at the end of the fourth act
He got a great big bite.

King Hoffmann managed the whole show
With the help of Ward La Shelle.
They got most firms to give them ads,
But some sent them to—their branch stores in East Oakland.

Another pair which made the play
What a play should really be,
Was Fred Carlyle and Miss Garretson,
Whose work you all can see.

Traphagan led the ushers bold,
They worked in fierce despair,
Miss Tiernan managed a candy-sale,
The audience's health to impair.

We made an awful pile of coin,
And sent it way out East;
And now our conscience feels so fine,
We don't want a Senior feast.



OWING to a decided lack of interest, there has been no school debating team this term. There was some talk of an inter-school debating league, but as yet nothing definite has been done about it. Nevertheless, we have gotten training along this line among ourselves.

The Oral English debates on various topics have been developed exceptionally well. Freshmen History Classes have decided the questions of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The rising generation of political economists have discussed the burning questions of the day. But the most exciting and most interesting of all have been the two High Senior History debates. Great spirit was shown by the two classes, and for a day or so before the debates, there was a good deal of friendly rivalry as to the relative merits of the teams. Each class lost and won a debate and proved itself to be a good loser as well as a good winner.

It seems too bad that there is not more interest shown in debating, for, although there is work involved, yet it certainly is good fun, and training in public speaking in these days surely never comes amiss. Debating develops sharp wits and clear thinking, which no one will deny are necessary and desirable qualities. But perhaps next term! Who knows? Here's hoping!

ADELINE TOYE.

ALUMNI

Alumni Notes

"Well, time sure does fly," said Mrs. J——, to her friend Miss S., as they sat rocking and talking on the porch. It was lovely weather for rocking and talking—warm, golden California weather. "Isn't he a cunning, chubby little baby boy? Ruthven Sackett Wyatt must surely be proud of him," she said, as the persons in question passed out of sight. "And that reminds me of lots of A. H. S. alumni engagements and marriages. Now let me see, the '06ers and '07ers have been quite busy. There is Helen White, '06, who was married to Alfred Durney; Constance Van Brunt to Ted Lynch, '06, and Bess Penfield, '06, has announced her engagement to Adolph Lemcke. I believe they are to be married the 2nd of June. Sylvia McCurrie, '09, is to be married to William S. Cooper about that time. And have you heard about the engagement of Irma Young, '09, and Fritz Claxton, '07? Every one is saying, "I told you so," but that makes it all the nicer, doesn't it?"

"That reminds me of all the engagements of High School graduates that have been announced lately," chipped in Miss S., as she rocked quite excitedly. Hanalla Moore is engaged to Jack Thomas, '12, and Rita Burke, to Harold Durney. And have you seen Leslie Greig Chase's little baby daughter?"

"No, I haven't; but they say she is awfully dear. Lorraine Jordan was married to Edwin M. Clough a short time ago, and it's not so long ago that Hazel Naylor was married to Norman D'Evelyn, and Dorothy Tisdale to Paul Gardner. Stephen Otis, '04, also married just a short time ago—you know he was President of the Alumni Association for a year."

"Oh, do tell me, what has happened to that?"

"Why! I don't know. Just now there is a call for volunteers for President. I do wish some one would volunteer! You know he could let Howard Fassett know. The Association needs new blood sadly. I hope some interested soul comes to the rescue!!!"

LAST DAYS OF THE CLASS OF DECEMBER, 1912.

Of the events that closed the school life of the Class of December, 1912, graduation itself was, of course, the most important. Haight School auditorium, used by a High Senior Class for the first time, proved inadequate to accommodate the large crowd interested in the graduation.

After a most interesting program the exercises closed with the presentation of the diplomas by Mr. Wood and a reception by the graduates.

Among class activities of lesser importance, the best remembered event is the raising of the class flag. At four-thirty one morning a bunch of fellows (supposedly the pride of the school) could be seen stealing stealthily toward the High School with a beautiful green pennant. Gay climbed up the pole and attached the pennant as far up as possible. The girls of the class showed their "pep" by coming down shortly after and remaining till morning. Fighting commenced at recess, but was stopped by Dr. Thompson. Unfortunately the Seniors were forced to take down their flag before the lower classmen were able to get it.

The next event was the dinner given to the High Senior Class by the Low Seniors. We were royally entertained, both dinner and speeches being excellent. As we had given a dinner last year, we all appreciated the work involved.

The dinner was followed by a dance given by the High Seniors at Haight School auditorium. The hall was effectively decorated by the Low Senior Class. The dance was most successful, although the presence of our flag caused quite a riot for a few minutes.

The last days of the Class of December, 1912, were indeed happy ones. We take this opportunity to thank all the friends of the class who helped to make these last days so memorable.

—KATHERINE GELDERMANN,

December, 1912.

California Alumni

The State University has counted from time to time quite a few former Alameda High School students. Today there are on the Campus more students who call Alameda High their Alma Mater than ever before.

They are always interested in events in which Alameda High participates and are always ready to help the school to better itself. One of the best things they can do along these lines is to attend the Alumni meetings, which have afforded many pleasant reunions.

Our alumni of the Class of 1916 at California are:

Harry V. Adams.....Architecture
Delta Tau Delta.
Arthur S. Aiton.....Natural Science
Marion A. Brown.....Social Science
Margaret Dennison.....Natural Science
Pi Beta Phi.
Ruth M. Edinger.....Social Science
Kappa Alpha Theta.
Gladys M. Eggers.....Natural Science
Chi Omega.
Valerie Foveaux.....Natural Science
Delta Delta Delta.
Jeanette W. Harber.....Social Science
Melville H. Herspring.....Agriculture
Harold H. Levkowicz.....Architecture
Phi Kappa Psi.
Hazel Livingston.....Social Science
Mildred Levy.....Natural Science
Rose A. Margrave.....Natural Science
Delta Delta Delta.
Henry Wade Macomber.....Natural Science
George H. Mastick.....Agriculture
University Farm, Davis. Phi Delta Theta.
Ramon L. Maytorena.....Agriculture
Kenneth Rogers.....Natural Science
Acacia.
Helen Rosenberg.....At Large
Eugenia Vaughan.....Natural Science
Pi Beta Phi.
Albert Wagner.....Natural Science
Amy L. Walden.....Social Science
Treble Clef. Delta Gamma.
Harold Sutherland.....Chemistry
Kappa Sigma.

The members of the Class of 1915 at California are:

Lucie Altona.....Natural Science
Pi Beta Phi.
Robert E. Christy.....Mechanics
Phi Delta Theta.
Florence Copeland.....Social Science
Gladys Deming.....Social Science
Clinton De Witt.....Civil Engineer
Phi Kappa Sigma.
Anna Dodge.....Natural Science
Delta Gamma.
Mabel Hardin.....Social Science
Maryly Krusi.....Natural Science
English Club, Junior Farce, Delta Gamma.
Ethel Levy.....Social Science
Sadie Older.....Natural Science
Alma Powell.....Natural Science

Vinnie Robinson.....Natural Science
Pi Beta Phi.
Warren T. Sanford.....Commerce
Phi Kappa Psi.
Catherine Westbrook.....Natural Science
Pi Beta Phi.
Helen R. Sargent.....Natural Science
Pi Beta Phi.
Robert Sherrard.....Commerce
Chi Phi.
Marion E. Wilcox.....Social Science
Delta Delta Delta.

The members of the Class of 1914 are:

Ernest Brown.....Commerce
Daily Californian, Sigma Chi.
Charles Dodge.....Mechanics
Phi Delta Theta.
Harriet R. Figg.....Social Science
Margaret M. Kenny.....Social Science
Karl Shattuck.....Agriculture
Big "C" Society. University Farm, Davis.
American Intercollegiate Record
for Hammer Throw.
William Wieland.....Social Science

The members of the Class of 1913 are:

Lesley R. Bates.....Commerce
Mary M. de Witt.....Social Science
Alpha Omicron Pi.
Irma Foveaux.....Social Science
Parthenia Committee. Delta Delta Delta.
Edmund Margrave.....Civil Engineer
Francis D. Maslin.....Natural Science
Spencer Mastick.....Agriculture
University Farm, Davis. Phi Delta Theta.
Caro Simonson.....Natural Science
Delta Gamma.
Dolores Bradley.....Natural Science
Prytenean.

Our Alumni at Stanford

Stanford, April 8, 1913.

To the Acorn:

I found your note waiting when I returned Sunday and I'm afraid you will think me rather late in replying.

I will certainly be very glad to tell you anything I know about Alameda people at Stanford.

Morjorie Emmons is a member of Kappa Gamma Sorority. She expects to take her degree next December in History. She had the part of "Mimi" in "The Only Way," given here the first of the semester and portrayed the character admirably.

Jessie Hall is a member of Delta Gamma Sorority and has had to leave college this semester on account of ill health.

Homer Spence is a member of Chi Psi Fraternity and expects to take his degree in law this semester. He has taken part in several musical productions, but none this term.

Timothy Perkins is a Junior in college and a member of Eucina Club. He is prominent in track.

Montie Haslett, a member of Beta Theta Pi, received his degree in history in December last.

Roberta Haslett, Carl Shattuck and Ted Higgins all took their A. B. degrees last May.

As to myself, I'm a Junior in college, a member of Delta Gamma Sorority, working for my degree in history.

I hope these few items will be satisfactory and am sorry I haven't more.

I am,
Sincerely,

MORJORIE HAIGHT.

EXCHANGES
R. BARKER

Exchanges

A LETTER for the ACORN! I wonder from whom it could be. I soon opened it and found a neat little card which invited the ACORN to a grand reception of High School Papers to be held at the Hotel Oakland. Of course, I was "tickled to death," for I knew that I would see many of my school friends there from other cities.

Well, that eventful day, set for the reception, finally arrived and I went on my way, seated in a Santa Clara car. The car was close and stuffy, as usual, and I thought I would never get there when, lo and behold! the gates of the Webster street bridge closed right in front of our car. I looked around for a boat and saw a large lumber-barge about two blocks off and just barely moving. I realized that I would have to wait about twenty minutes, so I tried to make myself as comfortable as possible and have patience.

While sitting there my thoughts turned to my friends whom I would see at the reception. I knew that I would be expected to criticise them, so I thought out my criticisms of the Exchange Department, in the hope that all the criticisms should be just to all parties. We do not want to lower the standard of the Exchange Department by giving unfair criticisms. I tried to keep the Golden Rule in my mind: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." One should look to see in what they excel as well as in what they fail. In judging a paper it is necessary to know how many times the paper is printed. Without this information one is absolutely unable to determine the value of a paper. If printed semi-annually, the criticisms should be more rigorous than if published monthly. Every paper should have a title page, so that the Exchange editor would not have to look through the advertisements in order to learn what town the paper is from. A paper should be criticised if the table of contents is lacking, for this is very important. It is well to dedicate papers, especially if printed semi-annually. If published monthly it is not so necessary, although it improves the paper. Above all, I would examine the Literary Department. To make that department a success, the stories should be interesting. Poetry also adds to the paper. An unpleasant feature found in so many papers, which should be avoided if possible, is the placing of advertisements in the front of the book. There is plenty of room in the back. It is also a good idea to have a few joshes placed among the advertisements, for they keep the reader's interest until the end and direct attention to advertisers who might otherwise be overlooked.

Three whistles and my thoughts came back to the bridge now closing. I found myself still on the Santa Clara car and on my way to Hotel Oakland. I soon arrived at Thirteenth and Washington, transferred to a Dimond car and arrived at the Hotel in good time.

I hastened to the dressing room and who should I see but my old friend from Manila High, "The Cocoanut." The stories that he told me were exceedingly interesting, especially "The Mangyanes in Sibuyan," and "The Chinese New Year's Day." And the poetry he recited to me was simply wonderful, but, I swear, he was still wearing the same clothes that I had

seen on him for the last two months. "Cocoanut," why don't you change your cover design from month to month, also your cuts?

As "Cocoanut" and I were ascending to the reception room, I met "The Distaff," from Girls' High School in Boston. All her stories were attractive, but short. The jokes she told me were good, but scattered here and there. I asked her why she didn't form a Josh Department.

Upon entering the reception room I heard a hearty shout of greeting, and upon turning around, I saw my old friend, "The Chaparral," from Stanford University, Cal. The cuts that he showed me were certainly nifty, and say! his jokes were extremely clever and witty. But, as usual, the advertisements were strung all about him.

Across the room, I spied my old companion, "The Wilmerding Life," from San Francisco. I enjoyed my talk with him very much, especially his original cuts and jokes.

Then, I met "The Trident," from Santa Cruz. He was looking well and jolly, but to save my life I couldn't find how often he visited the students. The stories that he told me were not up to the standard. He spoke of an original idea of the Seniors. On the last days of school some of the Seniors visited the various Grammar Schools and addressed the graduating classes, each one choosing a topic of interest and profit to the incoming Freshmen. The idea was to rid the Freshmen of their "verdant hue." This is certainly a good idea and might be followed by other schools.

During the afternoon, I was introduced to the "Reporter." It took me the longest time to find where he was from. Finally, in an advertisement on the inside of his coat, I saw Montebello. The Commercial Department certainly deserves praise for publishing such a good monthly paper.

"The Cadet," from the San Diego Army and Navy Academy at Pacific Beach, Cal., was a splendid fellow. On the whole, he was very enjoyable, even if not well organized.

Over in a corner, I caught sight of my friend, "The Review," from Murry F. Tuley High School. But where, oh, where, is the Tuley High? Oh! it must be in Chicago, for I saw an advertisement on the front of his coat with Chicago Business College. The stories that he told me were certainly very interesting, but I suggest that he arrange them in better order. Cuts were also lacking.

"The Adjutant," from Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy, showed me some excellent cuts. I had a good laugh over his jokes, but he might have enlarged on his school notes.

I was very glad to see "Orange and Black," from Los Angeles Intermediate School. He was a handsome looking fellow, dressed in very good taste. I was much pleased with his conversation, his stories, and especially his poetry. He was up-to-date in all his topics and seemed to be very much interested in his new school. I hope that his expectations will be fulfilled.

I left Hotel Oakland with "The Dawn," from Esparto High. I wondered if he had a good time, his appearance was so sober. Nevertheless, he told me some very interesting stories.

I arrived home safely and how I had enjoyed the afternoon. I was pleased to meet so many friends and I hope to see them again.

Oh! I nearly forgot to tell you what I heard about myself. From the "Orange and Black" came this remark: "The Acorn, Alameda, has a unique idea in the 'Times-Comet.' The stories and poems show that Alameda does not need any more authors or poets. The joshes are very original."

From "The Trident," Santa Cruz: "We are sorry to note that the Alameda High School fails to have enough spirit to support a regular school paper. We have found that such a paper does much towards inspiring school spirit and fostering school activities."

SOCIETY
RUTH BARKER (MRS HARRISON FISHER) 1913

The Daily Buzzer

Vol. CII. No. 2103.

Miss Madeline Sanford Gives Theater Party.

On Saturday afternoon, January 4th, Miss Madeline Sanford entertained a number of the Alameda buds at Ye Liberty Playhouse, where the delightful comedy "Checkers" was being presented. Among those present were the Misses Helen Funke, Katherine Geldermann, Bernice D'Evelyn, Dorothy Hiller, Leslie Brown, Ruth Baehr, Dorothy Baum, and the hostess.

At the end of the performance an enjoyable repast was served for the girls at the Pig'n Whistle.

Alameda High School Girls Welcome Incoming Freshman Girls at Reception.

The Low Freshman girls were received by the upper class girls at Adelphian Hall on January the 17th. The Low Senior girls arranged a fine program for the afternoon. Among those who took part in the afternoon's proceedings were Miss Dorothy Baum, the Vice-President of the Associated Students, who gave the welcoming address, and Miss Edith Cordé, who responded for the Freshmen. Miss Florence Miller sang some songs, accompanied by Miss Vesta Wonderlick. An enjoyable skit was given by the following Low Senior girls: the Misses Lottie Russell, Veral Hogan, Mildred Jacobs, and Dorothy Clennann. The program concluded with a short address by Dr. Thompson. The remainder of the afternoon was then devoted to making new friends and dancing. Light refreshments were served.

Miss Alice Brune Gives Pretty Affair.

Miss Alice Brune was hostess on February 1st at a pretty affair in the form of a "500" party, for which she asked two-score or more of the younger girls to her home on Central avenue.

The decorations were huckleberry and other greenery. The afternoon's diversion was followed by delicious refreshments.

Among Miss Brune's guests were the Misses Rose O'Connell, Hilda and Constance Van Brunt, Lottie Russell, Romie Walden, Helen Willkomm, Katherine Pearce, Bernice D'Evelyn, Beatrice Cummings, Ruth Baehr, Katherine Geldermann, Edwina Moyes, Audrey Spence, Laura Wangemann, Dorothy Hiller, Amy Whitney, Ida Redmond, Helen Funke, Marion Murdock, Dorothy Warren, and Madeline Sanford.

Members of the "Star and Key" Spend a Social Evening at the Nobmann Home.

On February 7th, the members of the "Star and Key" spent a social evening at the home of Clarence Nobmann. A short meeting was held, after which the evening was devoted to games of various sorts. At about 10:30 a delightful repast was enjoyed by the guests. Among those present were the Misses Addie Combs, Audrey Spence, Anna Koehler, G. Berg, Melba Thomas, Elizabeth Frater, Louise Delius, and Messrs. Kendrick Vaughan, Donald Lum, Douglas Stafford, Ben Benas, Harold Rogers, Charles Rhein, Alvin Astor, and others.

The Winter Cotillion Resumed.

The cotillion of the younger set which gave a series of dances last winter was resumed this season, the first dance of the term being held at Adelphian Hall on Friday evening, February 14th.

At this dance, as at those preceding, favors appropriate to the occasion were given, and the usual refreshments were served. The dance was under the management of Linford Pearson. Among those belonging to the cotillion are Misses Pauline Turner, Mignon Henrici, Helen and Esther Bruton, Helen Sanford, Elizabeth Funke, Edith Corde, Lillian Suydam, Clarise and Florence Sheldon, Marjorie Scott, Ruth Heidt, Marian Walden, Virginia Younger, Hilda Van Brunt, Dorothy Davis, Dorothy Birbeck, Winona Clark, Beatrice Braue, Priscilla Krusi, and Messrs. Robert Baker, Merrill Brown, Henry Westbrook, Emerson Spear, Russell Medcraft, Bruce Dillman, William Jacobs, Jocelyn Bates, Shermann Asche, Morris Clark, George Palmer, Tom Birbeck, Kenneth Lynch, Burton Wilcox, Philip Holden, Jack Morris, Walter Cramer, Linford Pearson, Jennison Hall, Donald Lum, Harold Etter, Albion Spear, and Bruce Hill.

Among the patronesses present were the Mesdames Asche, Clark, and Morris.

"Duke," "Dutch," and "Scat" Give Crawl at Adelphian Banquet Hall.

An enjoyable dance was given on February 21st by the Messrs. Hans Lemcke, Ed. Joseph and Samuel Terry for the pleasure of many of the local society folk. The music was rendered by Melville Herspring, one of Alameda's most popular musicians. Every one entered heart and soul into the evening's pleasure and had a thoroughly good time. Among those present were the Misses Mary Dunbar, Loes Sharp, Edwina Moyes, Frances Garret, Kathleen Corson, Katherine Geldermann, Aileen Corde, Helen Neal, Amy Whitney, Dorothy Warren, Dorothy Soule, Ruth Howe, Charlotte Culver, Laura Wangeman, Margaret Temple, Bernice D'Evelyn, Alma Robinson, and the Messrs. Austin Eimer, Max Willkomm, Shy Seagrave, Edwin Barnes, Robert Baker, Kendrick Vaughan, William Howe, Irving Culver, Wright D'Evelyn, Ward Higgins, Jack Pearson, Harold Levkowicz, Don Pearson, Edward Bates, Philip Plummer, Raymond Sayre, Nat Neal, Harold Jacobs, Ed Joseph, Samuel Terry, Hans Lemcke, and others.

Younger Set Enjoy Evening as Guests of Miss Turner.

A number of the younger set enjoyed the hospitality of the Thomas Turner home on Clinton avenue, Saturday evening, February the 22nd, as the guests of Miss Pauline Turner. The evening was given to dancing and other informal entertainment, and concluded with a dainty supper.

Washington's birthday was the inspiration for the decorations of flags and red, white, and blue streamers. A dance with favors of little cherry trees, hatchets, caps, and other suggestions of the day was one of the special features of the evening.

Miss Manifold Is Hostess.

Miss Edith Manifold entertained a group of her friends at her home Saturday night, February 22nd. The home was beautifully decorated with cherry leaves and hatchets for Washington's birthday. The evening was spent in dancing and games, and was closed with a sumptuous supper.

Among those who shared Miss Manifold's hospitality were the Misses Carrie and Maud Grimes; Bernice, Gladys, and Mildred Atto, Guro Bryan, Dorothy Foster, Maud Singer, Pauline Krauss, Ethel Krauss, Mrs. H. H. Manifold, and Messrs. Alfred Krauss, Walter Bryan, Chester Singer, Waldron and Cecil Gardiner, Alex and Joseph Coney, Sanderson Ilderton, Sydney and Charles Manifold.

Group of Society Belles Spend Week Vacation at Larkspur.

The mid-term vacation looked forward to so much by the Alameda High School students was spent most enjoyably by the Misses Dorothy Soule, Amy Whitney, Dorothy Warren, Ruth Howe, and Bernice D'Evelyn at the beautiful and noted bungalow "Stayawhile," situated on the terraced hills in the vicinity of Larkspur. The time was passed in the enjoyment

of outdoor sports such as horse-back riding, rowing, tennis, golf, swimming, bicycling, and walking.

During their stay the girls motored into San Anselmo, where they visited two of their fellow students, the Misses Marion Murdock and Edwina Moyes, who were spending their vacation in the Murdock bungalow "Bembrae."

Kappa Alpha Pi Alumnii Are Hosts at Dance.

The Kappa Alpha Pi Alumnii boys entertained a large number of the local society girls and boys at a grand dance given on April 4th, in Adelphian Hall. The dance was looked forward to by all the guests, as it was the first of the big social events to take place after the Lenten season. The music was furnished by the St. Elmo Powell orchestra, one of the most famous in the bay cities. The hall was beautifully decorated in greens and spring flowers. The comfort of the dancers was looked to by the hosts and the capable manager, Domingo Bruzzone.

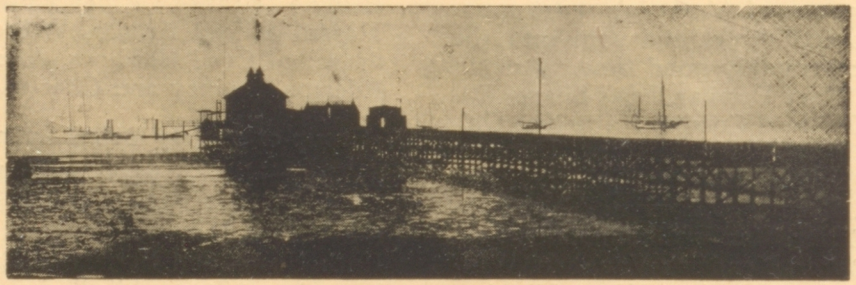
The patronesses were the Mesdames L. Bruzzone, M. Christensen, W. R. Newman, H. Hauch, W. W. Perkins, C. H. Johnson, C. A. Bradford, H. H. Etter, and C. B. Hollywood.

Junior Dance on April 18th Great Success.

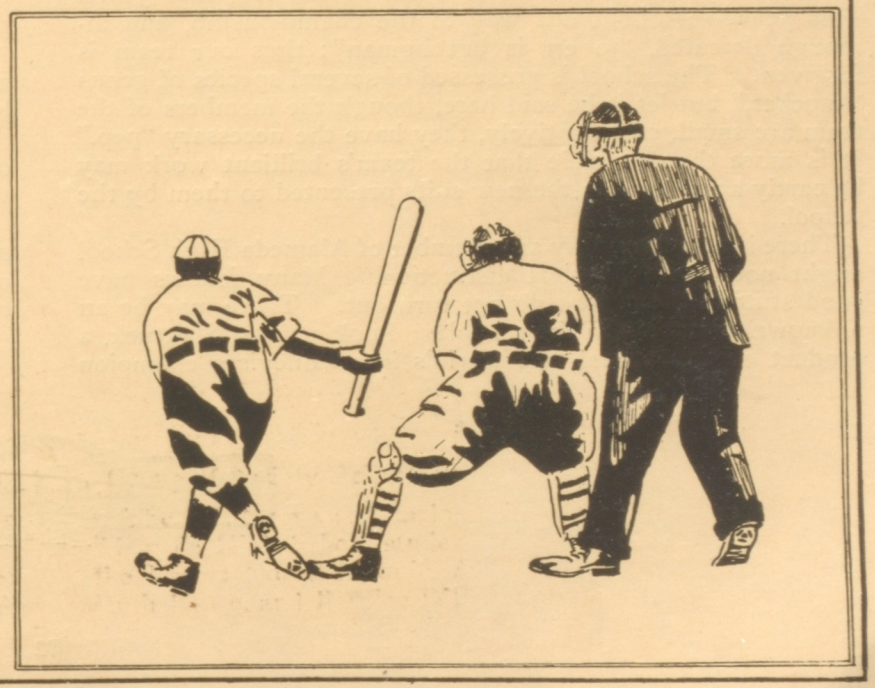
The Junior Dance given by the Class of June, '14, of the Alameda High School at Adelphian Hall was a great success. The hall was decorated with greenery and pennants. An excellent orchestra furnished the music, and every one of the 250 guests seemed to think the affair exceptionally enjoyable. Samuel Terry, assisted by William Brewer, and Mr. Daniels of the faculty arranged for the comfort of the dancers and managed the affair. The patronesses were Mesdames J. H. Nobmann, J. H. Daniels, C. M. Culver, F. G. Braue, and Andrew Hay.

Alpha Sigma Alumni Convention Dance at St. Francis Hotel.

The Alpha Sigma Convention Dance was held at the St. Francis Hotel, in the gold ballroom, on April 26th. Many of the Alameda folk attended, among them being the Misses Helen Funke, Dorothy Warren, Katherine Geldermann, Leslie Brown, Amy Whitney, Dorothy Soule, Marion Murdock, Edwina Moyes, Madeline Sanford, Helen Willkomm, Dorothy Baum, Bernice D'Evelyn, and the Messrs. Alexander Baum, Jack Pearson, Wright D'Evelyn, Horace Baum, Austin Eimer, Irving Culver, LeRoy Krusi, Edward Bates, Hall Funke, and William Howe.



ATHLETICS



Athletics

THIS season has been highly successful in all forms of athletics. In the past the spring semester has been a "dead" one in most branches of activities. However, as the old school seems to have taken a new lease on life, this term began, what we hope to be, a new era in athletics. Alameda has not had a baseball team worthy of especial mention during the last four years. This year we fought our way to the championship, and although defeated, "to err is but human"; thus our team is forgiven. The school is possessed of several species of genus "knocker," but let it be said here, though the members of the team are small, comparatively, they have the necessary "pep." It is more than possible that the team's brilliant work may be partly accredited to the new suits presented to them by the school.

There is no reason why any member of Alameda High School might not attain physical distinction. Many fellows have good stuff in them, who do not turn out. There may be an unknown champion in the school! Look at Karl Shattuck, a product of this school, the world's inter-collegiate champion hammer thrower! Look at Ed. Macauley, whose coast record still stands! There is no harm in trying, and the half unit given in any branch of athletics will make it well worth while.

More men have supported track this spring than in any term for years. Ten new uppers were purchased and duly distributed. A term ago, one would have a hard time placing three. This semester many fellows have turned out and prospects are mighty bright for the future.

Nothing has been done in swimming up to the present time, although, as the season is just commencing, there are possibilities along this line.

Tennis also has been neglected as a school activity. With our many school players starring in inter-park tournaments, we should certainly have a team.

Last, but not least, football, with Charles Tilden leading our fighting bunch, we will clean up all opponents. Taking our athletics as a whole, we have mighty brilliant prospects on the field in the future.

"DUKE" JOSEPH.

BASE BALL

"Len" Hollywood issued a call for baseball candidates early in February, and the result was gratifying, to say the least. Captain "Len," Younger, Stone, Branscheid, and Brewer were the only veterans from last year's team. The team worked out under the guidance of Hollywood until a coach was able to be procured by the receipts of that "Stupendous Vaudeville Show." "Toots" Bliss guided the team and turned out a winner. Various sand-lot and grammar-school stars presented themselves as recruits, and they leave Alameda much to expect in the future. Among the men out for team beside those mentioned were Logan, Coffin, Dexter, Larkin, Dickinson, Durney, Sharpstein, Miller, Birbeck, Singer, Meehan, Wilson, Hamilton, Coney, Rhein, Vaughan, Degen, Pond, Sweeney, and Hunter.

Alameda vs. California School Mechanical Arts.

12—3.

The Lick Tigers tangled with Alameda in a practice game before a coach had been secured or the team had played together. The Tiger, needless to say, was sent home with his tail betwixt his legs. Our players showed us that with proper coaching the school had much to expect. Branscheid worked out in good form, allowing only four safeties. "Cap" Hollywood, Brewer, Younger and Branscheid gathered a brace of hits.

BASEBALL TEAM, 1913

Alameda vs. St. Ignatius.

4—5.

The Catholic school lads defeated "Cap." Hollywood's aggregation in a practice game. It was a close and interesting game, although marred somewhat by "crabbing." The umpire gave us some pretty raw decisions. However, we lost. Our usual ninth inning rally started when Brewer singled, but "Windy" hit into a double play, thus dampening our chances. Brewer, Dexter and Stone hit well.

St. Ignatius	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
McGrath, 2nd	3	1	1	1	0
Bullith, lf	4	1	1	0	0
Bricca, c	5	1	1	0	0
Campara, 3rd	2	1	1	0	0
Killerry, cf	4	0	0	0	0
Hughes, ss	3	1	1	0	0
Finn, rf	4	0	1	0	0
Canavan, 1st	3	0	0	0	0
O'Connor, p	4	0	1	0	0
Total	32	5	7	1	0

Alameda	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Durney, 2nd	3	1	1	0	2
Coffin, cf	3	1	0	0	0
Dexter, c	4	0	2	0	0
Hollywood, ss	4	0	1	0	1
Stone, 3rd	4	1	3	0	0
Logan, 1st	4	0	0	0	0
Younger, lf	3	0	1	1	0
Brewer, p	4	0	2	0	2
Branscheid, rf	3	1	1	0	0
Dickinson, 2nd	1	0	0	0	0
Total	33	4	11	1	5

Two-Base Hit—Dexter, Stone.
Double Play—Hughes to McGrath to Canavan.
Struck out by—O'Connor 3, Brewer 6.
Bases on balls off—O'Connor 3, Brewer 6.

Wilmerding vs. Alameda.

5—6.

On Washington's birthday, our hopes crossed bats with Wilmerding and took the transbay boys into camp with a sensational ninth-inning rally. "Windy" Branscheid allowed the opposing bat-and-glove artists seven scattered bingles, while we gathered ten healthy swats. In the ninth Branscheid singled, Dexter advanced him with a fence-breaker, Younger was hit by pitcher Baron, thus filling the cushions. "Baby" Brewer connected with the pellet for two sacks, cleaning the bases, also ending the game. The boys overcame a two-run lead.

Wilmerding	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
McWilliams, lf	5	1	1	0	0
Cohen, ss	4	1	1	0	0
Rudolph, 2nd	4	1	2	0	0
Baron, p	4	0	2	0	0
Chase, c	3	0	0	0	1
Wurm, 3rd	1	1	0	0	0
Pfaffel, 1st	4	0	0	0	1
Hogan, rf	4	0	1	0	0
Webber, cf	1	1	0	0	0
Brown, cf	1	0	0	0	0
Total	30	5	7	0	2

Alameda	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Dexter, c	3	2	2	0	0
Younger, lf	4	3	2	0	0
Brewer, rf	4	0	2	0	0
Stone, 3rd	3	0	0	1	0
Hollywood, ss	4	0	1	0	0
Logan, 1st	3	0	1	0	0
Dickinson, 2nd	2	0	1	1	0
Coffin, cf	2	0	0	0	0
Hunter, cf	1	0	0	0	0
Branscheid, p	4	1	1	0	0
Durney, 2nd	1	0	0	0	0
Total	31	6	10	2	0

Two-base bats—Brewer (2), Younger.
Struck out by—Baron 6, Branscheid 9.
Base on balls off—Baron 4, Branscheid 7.
Hit by pitcher—Coffin, Younger by Baron.

Lowell vs. Alameda.

5—4.

"They came, they saw, they conquered," slogan of the red and white aggregation of bat-wielders. Alameda showed lack of knowledge of inside baseball. The need of a coach was keenly felt. Eight drives were allotted to the Sutter Street institution, while we gathered eleven from lanky Mr. Tissot's offerings. The boys hit at inopportune moments. Cunningham of Lowell tore off a couple of sensational catches in the center pasture. Dexter, Younger and Brewer each annexed two bingles.

Lowell	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Atschig, lf	4	0	0	0	0
Crawford, ss	4	0	1	0	0
Hawks, rf	5	1	1	0	0
Robinson, 3rd	4	2	2	0	0
Tissot, p	4	0	2	0	0
Cunningham, cf	4	0	1	0	0
Veeki, 2nd	4	0	1	0	1

Alameda	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Dexter, c	4	1	2	0	1
Younger, lf	3	2	2	1	0
Brewer, p	3	0	2	1	0
Stone, 3rd	3	0	1	1	1
Hollywood, ss	4	0	2	0	2
Logan, 1st	4	0	1	0	0
Durney, 2nd	2	1	0	0	1

Olsen, 1st	4	0	0	0	0
Mitchell, c	2	2	0	0	2
Total	35	5	8	0	3

Birbeck, cf	2	0	0	0	0
Branscheid, rf	4	0	1	0	1
Coffin, cf	2	0	0	0	0
Total	31	4	11	3	6

Struck out by—Tissot 9, Brewer 9.
Bases on balls off—Tissot 3, Brewer 2.

Hitchcock vs. Alameda.

7—10.

Alameda's fighting crew journeyed down to San Rafael to toy with the soldier boys. The game was featured by the competition of the players of both teams in the act of gathering errors. The lads kicked the ball around unmercifully. We stamped the rubber six times in the ninth inning.

Alameda	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Younger, lf	6	1	2	0	0
Brewer, rf	4	1	2	0	0
Stone, 3rd	5	2	1	0	1
Hollywood, ss	5	1	1	0	2
Logan, 1st	5	2	3	0	2
Dickinson, 2nd	3	0	0	0	2
Coffin, cf	4	0	1	1	1
Branscheid, p	5	1	1	0	0
Durney, 2nd	2	1	0	0	0
Dexter, c	5	1	1	0	1
Total	44	10	12	1	9

Hitchcock	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Moisant, c	5	1	0	0	1
McCauther, 2nd	6	0	1	0	4
Hitchcock, ss	5	0	2	0	0
Cauther, 1st	5	0	1	0	1
Denham, lf	4	1	1	0	1
Colgan, 3rd	2	2	2	0	0
McCray, cf	4	0	0	0	2
Knudsen, rf	3	1	0	0	0
Ziel, p	4	2	0	0	1
Bishop, rf	1	0	1	0	0
Total	39	7	8	0	10

Struck out by—Ziel 3, Branscheid 6.
Bases on balls off—Ziel 1, Branscheid 8.

Alameda vs. Oakland.

8—10.

Alameda vs. Oakland furnished the fanatics with plenty of excitement. The largest crowd of the season was on hand. It was a game of slugging. Radke lifted the ball over left field fence for a homer. Adams leaned on the pill for a clean double, the ball going over Younger's head and rolling under the fence. Billy Brewer was on the mound for Alameda, and after a bad first-inning pitched air-tight ball. Adams and Gimbal of Oakland each gathered three hits, the former having three two-baggers to his credit. Dexter connected for three swats, two being for an extra cushion. Coffin drove out two. "Windy" Branscheid slammed out a clean double. In the seventh inning our boys were beginning to find the opposing slabman's offerings and the Oakland tribe began to stall for time. It was almost dark and Umpire Risley ordered the Oakland team off the field, as a hot discussion was taking place. The blue and white bunch refused to play. Risley forfeited the game to us. It was so dark by this time it was impossible to continue. As Risley was not a regular league "ump," we lost the game.

Oakland	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Dill, lf	3	0	0	0	0
Cunha, 1st	3	1	1	0	0
Bannan, 2nd	4	1	1	0	0
Adams, rf	4	2	3	0	0
Gimbal, cf	4	2	3	0	0
Maloney, 3rd	2	2	1	0	0
Radke, c	3	1	1	0	2
Cowan, ss	3	1	0	0	0
Gilliek, p	3	0	0	0	2
Woolridge, lf	1	0	0	0	0
Total	30	10	10	0	4

Alameda	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Dexter, c	4	1	3	0	1
Younger, lf	3	0	0	1	1
Brewer, p	3	0	0	0	0
Stone, 3rd	4	1	1	0	0
Hollywood, ss	4	2	1	0	1
Logan, 1st	3	0	2	0	0
Durney, 2nd	3	2	0	0	0
Coffin, cf	3	1	2	0	0
Branscheid, rf	3	1	1	0	0
Total	30	8	10	1	3

Home runs—Radke.
Two-base hits—Adams (3), Dexter (2), Branscheid.
Struck out by—Gilliek 5, Brewer 2.
Bases on balls off—Gilliek 3, Brewer 2.

Alameda vs. Fremont.

2—1.

Alameda and Fremont played one of the best exhibitions of the national game seen in high school baseball circles for years. The weather was ideal. Large crowds of rooters were present to cheer their respective teams. Our warriors under the guidance of "Toots" Bliss and "Cap" Hollywood showed them-

selves to be of championship calibre. Fremont gathered three hits. We also clouted the "Spalding" for three safeties; one a two-sacker by "Hack" Dexter. It was a pitcher's battle and the best team won. The visitors scored one tally in the first; but we reciprocated by adding two chalk marks on our ledger. The runs scored in the first inning were the only tallies of the game.

Fremont	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Fields, 3rd	3	1	0	0	0
Bauer, 2nd	4	0	0	0	0
Baldwin, c	3	0	0	1	0
Staraswilk, p	3	0	0	0	0
H. Morse, 1st	3	0	0	0	0
K. Morse, ss	3	0	2	0	0
McDonald, cf	3	0	1	0	0
Orehison, rf	2	0	0	0	0
Arena, lf	3	0	0	0	0
Total	27	1	3	1	0

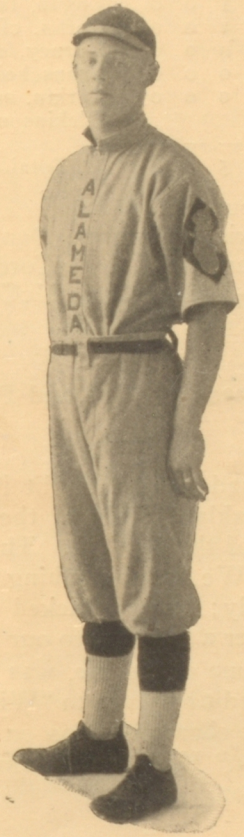
Alameda	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Younger, lf	3	1	0	0	0
Brewer, rf	3	0	0	0	0
Dexter, c	4	1	1	0	1
Stone, 3rd	4	0	1	0	1
Hollywood, ss	4	0	1	0	0
Logan, 1st	2	0	0	1	0
Durney, 2nd	3	0	0	0	0
Coffin, cf	3	0	0	0	0
Branscheid, p	2	0	0	0	1
Total	28	2	3	1	3

Two-base hits—Dexter.
Struck out by—Staraswilk 9, Branscheid 7.
Bases on balls off—Staraswilk 2, Branscheid 4.
Hit by pitcher—Brewer.

Alameda vs. Berkeley.

7—4.

Alameda met Berkeley full of baseball knowledge instilled in their several "conks" by "Toots" Bliss, baseball pedagogue. They were also full of determination, so naturally Berkeley came out on the short end of a 7-4 score. Berkeley has been a sort of a consistent winner in scholastic circles; and this victory was soothing syrup for the robbery in last season's football. "Bud" Larkin appeared in the game; making a good impression and belting the globule on the nose for two sacks on his initial appearance. Branscheid had good control of the spheroid and had the Berkeley gents eating from his hand. Not too much credit can be given to "Toots." The boys played baseball, not sand-lot ping-pong. "Zacher" Dickinson was tried out on first and should appear on the initial sack to advantage in the near future. His over-anxiety caused him to drop the ball in the ninth. A quite forgivable error.



Len Hollywood Captain

Berkeley	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Rubart, 3rd	3	1	1	0	0
McCord, p	4	1	1	0	1
Bolat, 1st	4	0	0	0	0
Palmgren, 2nd	3	1	1	0	2
Earle, ss	3	1	0	0	1
Nevina, rf	4	0	1	0	0
Daniels, cf	3	0	1	0	0
Stephens, c	1	0	0	0	0
Fenton, lf	2	0	0	0	0
McCabe, lf	1	0	0	0	0
Total	28	4	5	0	4

Alameda	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Younger, lf	5	1	1	0	0
Brewer, rf	3	0	0	0	0
Dexter, c	3	2	1	0	0
Stone, 3rd	3	1	1	1	0
Hollywood, ss	2	1	1	1	1
Logan, 1st	4	1	1	0	2
Coffin, cf	3	1	1	0	1
Durney, 2nd	1	0	0	0	0
Branscheid, p	3	0	0	0	0
Larkin, 2nd	3	0	1	0	0
Dickinson, 1st	0	0	0	0	1
Total	30	7	7	2	5

Three-base hit—Younger.
Two-base hit—Larkin, Palmgren, Daniels.
Struck out by—Branscheid 9, McCord 6.
Bases on balls off—Brancheid 4, McCord 3.
Hit by pitcher—Brewer, Stephens.

Alameda vs. Oakland Poly.

1—4.

April 5, Alameda had finally fought its way to the championship; and met Oakland Poly at the New Coast League grounds for the title of the B. C. L. The game was fast and the weather perfect. We had everything our own way had the team supported Windy; but we kicked away the championship. Campi was never a mystery to our batters; while Branscheid, pitching the game of his life, was touched for a lonely bingle. Let all the credit be given to "Windy." Our warriors, unused to playing for championships on big league grounds, lost their nerve. "Len" Hollywood slammed out two drives, one for an extra cushion.

Alameda	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Younger, lf	4	0	1	0	0
Brewer, rf	3	0	0	1	0
Dexter, c	4	0	1	0	2
Stone, 3rd	4	0	1	0	1
Larkin, 2nd	4	1	1	0	0
Hollywood, ss	4	0	2	0	2
Logan, 1st	3	0	0	1	2
Coffin, cf	4	0	0	0	0
Branscheid, p	3	0	1	0	0
Total	33	1	7	2	7

Oakland Poly	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Garcia, cf	4	1	0	0	1
Atelano, 2nd	3	1	0	0	0
Craine, ss	3	1	0	0	1
Sharp, 1st	1	0	0	0	0
Guerolo, c	3	1	1	0	1
Koch, 3rd	2	0	0	0	1
Coddington, lf	3	0	0	0	0
Tilman, rf	3	0	0	0	0
Campi, p	3	0	0	0	0
Total	25	4	1	0	4

Two-base hits—Hollywood.
Struck out by—Branscheid 8, Campi 6.
Bases on balls off—Branscheid 3, Campi 5.
Hit by pitcher—Atelano, Sharp.
Wild pitch—Campi.

Alameda vs. Haywards.

3—2.

This was a scrub game after the closing of the league. Brewer allowed 5 hits. Singer was seen in the Alameda lineup. He probably will be heard of later.

Alameda	AB.	R.	H.	SH.	E.
Younger, lf	4	2	3	0	2
Brewer, p	3	0	1	1	0
Dexter, c	4	0	0	0	0
Stone, 3rd	4	0	2	0	0
Hollywood, ss	5	0	1	0	0
Logan, 1st	3	0	0	0	0
Birbeck, 2nd	4	0	1	0	0
Coffin, cf	3	1	0	0	0
Singer, rf	3	0	1	0	0
Total	33	3	9	1	0

Haywards	AB.	R.	H.	SH.
Dillon	3	0	0	0
Fluge	4	0	0	0
Day	4	1	1	0
Mitchell	4	1	1	0
Mattos	2	0	0	0
Lane	3	0	1	0
Leveh	3	0	1	0
Hendrickson	4	0	1	0
Prome	4	0	0	0
Total	31	2	5	0

Struck out by—Brewer 2, Prome 2.
Bases on balls off—Brewer 3, Prome 2.

Review of the Players

Hollywood, captain, shortstop. "Len" was a grand little leader, always aggressive. His stick was much feared by opposing slabsters. "Len" erred, but his speed enabled him to kick a few around that other shortstops could not approach. He will be with us next year.

Brewer, pitcher, right-field. This portly gentleman resembling "Bud" Pernoll, was an important factor in the season's success. He heaves the pellet from the port side and heaves them over. His hitting ability was great; and he took a home-run for a single. He also was a sure man in the field. "Bill" will be present next season as our captain.

Branscheid, pitcher, right-field. "Windy's" elongated form was seen in action often. He was a good hitter; fast and accurate. His pitching excelled any other heaver in the league. He won consistently. It was not Windy's fault we didn't cop the rag. Mr. Branscheid's face will be seen at school next term.

Dexter, catcher. Although his first season, "Hack" played like a veteran. He led the team in extra base-clouts. Possessing a sure peg, he was a terror to the base-runners. Harold will be among us for another try.

Logan, first base. "Ken" was a sure fielder, supporting the infield by his steady work. He was a fairly good sticker. Ken will grab off a sheep.

Larkin, second base. Although coming out late, "Bud" demonstrated his ability to hold down the second cushion. It was his first season. He hit well, and was an excellent addition. Bud will be with us for many moons.

Stone, third base. "El" took care of the difficult corner to perfection, handling many hard chances perfectly. His favorite occupation was tacking the ball on base-runners. He did this so gently that three were knocked out this season. "El" will be released by the faculty after many years and his diploma will be framed by the family.

Coffin, center-field. "Bart" was a sure fielder during the past season. No one ever had any fear of the ball being muffed in his territory. His timely bingle always came in handy. "Bart" will be on deck when the gong clangs.

Younger, left-field. "Ly" was an awful hound for his batting average, but, however, he had a pretty substantial one at the close of the season. He was a good fielder, possessing a strong arm. "Erny" was the champion base-runner in the league. The baseman on the other teams did not know whether he was coming or going. "Erny" will be here if the undertaker don't nail him.

Lemcke, manager. Dutch was a great manager. He never had any trouble with his schedule. "Red's" finances were always straight and way ahead instead of behind, as has been the custom in baseball. Not too much praise can be heaped on his auburn head for his fine work. "Dutch" will graduate.

Durney, utility infield. "Daffy" was a good little fielder, although small. He was a fast man on the path. "Daff" leaves us for a trip East, but may return.

Dickinson, utility infield. "Zacher" should appear well next season. He was good at either first or second. His healthy swing made many a pitcher tremble. "Zach" will be stopping the grounders again next spring.

Baseball

IT seems to me that the team deserves a great deal of credit for the splendid showing it made this term under the leadership of Captain Hollywood.

The team had several difficulties to overcome; first, in that it was composed practically of new men, there being only four veterans; second, the lack of a coach. But these were soon overcome, as may be seen by the results of the games played.

The team was supported well financially. New suits were given them, and such a thing as a lack of balls was not known, which cannot be said of previous terms.

The veterans, Captain Hollywood, Branscheid, Brewer and Stone, played splendid ball throughout the season.

Some of the new men who made a good showing were Dexter, Logan, Larkin, Younger, Coffin, and Durney.

Prospects for a winning team in the coming baseball season with Bill Brewer as captain, look decidedly good, for it will be a team composed practically of veterans with good material to fill the vacant places.

A few words should be said about the good support given by the students at the league games. This was the right spirit to show, the only spirit which will bring home a winning team.

HANS LEMCKE.

Rooting

IN my estimation the rooting section of the Alameda High School far excells any to be found in the other bay cities. This has been accomplished by the efforts of the previous yell leaders and the hearty support the students have given them. The rooting this term has not been world-beating, but has been remarkably consistent, and there has always been a great deal of pep.

The fellows deserve a great deal of credit for the way they turned out and supported the Baseball team in its few games played here. Not only did they support the team, but managed to drown their opponents' rooting section.

About the middle of the term a yell contest was organized under the auspices of the "Star and Key Society," to arouse some much needed enthusiasm. From the number of yells submitted, the committee was able to obtain three of the best yells the school has ever had. The benefit of the contest was immediately felt. The rooters took an interest in the new yells and more spirit was shown than had been expected.

With the interest always attendant on the football season and a number of inspiring new yells, there should be developed next term one of the best rooting sections any high school has ever known.

DEAN PERKINS, Yell Leader.

Yells

THE PRIZE WINNERS.

First Prize.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Aaaaaaaaa——rah; L—Aaaaaaaaa——rah;
M—Eeeeeeeee—rah; D—Aaaaaaaaa—rah!
A L A M E D A
Rrrrrrrrrah!

By RAYMOND DURNEY.

Firecracker Yell.

Second Prize.

Tizzz Sizzz Fizzz
Boom!
A—L—A—M—E—D—A
Rah! Rah!
Alameda.

By LE ROY KRUSI.

Yodle Yell.

Third Prize.

O—le—o—wow;
O—le—o—wee;
O—le—o—wah;
Whistle ....
RAH!
ALAMEDA.

By KENDRICK VAUGHAN and
WALTER DESSAUER.

OLD YELLS.

Double Brackety

Brackety-ax, co-ax, co-ax,
Brackety-ax, co-ax, co-ax,
Heg-gety, hig-gety, hog-gety, ha!
Alameda High School
Rah! Rah! Rah!
(Repeat)

Locomotive.

A—L—A—M—E—D—A
Alameda!
A—L—A—M—E—D—A
Alameda!
A-L-A-M-E-D-A
Alameda!!!

Ala.

Ala meda
Ala meda
A-la-me-da
A-la-me-da
Alameda!
Alameda!
Ala *me da!*

FOOTBALL, 1912.

THE football season opened last year with the brightest promises. The many veterans left in school, under the able coaching of Louie Watts, developed into an excellent team. "Lou" Watts was one of the best, if not the best, coach Alameda ever had for Rugby. To him should be given the credit of turning out such a victorious team.

The season was a long, hard one and luck was against the boys in a few instances. They did not win the number of games that their playing should have given them. The team showed fine spirit throughout, working hard the entire season. The fighting spirit under adverse conditions was well shown in the final game with Belmont, which developed into the crowning victory of the term.

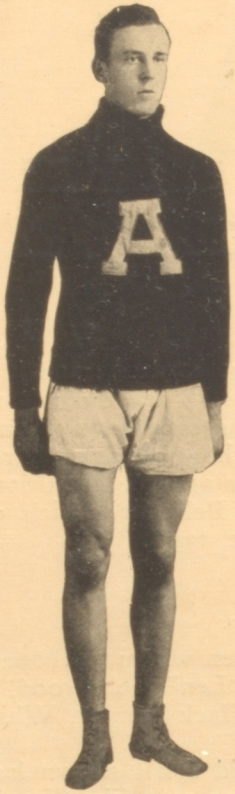
Outlook for 1913.

The football outlook for the fall term of 1913 is beginning to brighten. The graduation of a number of veterans last term left the team badly crippled. With the addition of the entering material to the squad of last year, matters have become more promising.

The few veterans that are left are Charlie Clapp, "Grub" Higgins, and Bud Larkin. The members of the old squad that look good for next fall are: Dean Perkins, "Billy" Brewer, George Meyers, Tom Birbeck, Charlie Mehan, and Zacher Dickinson. The new men whom we hope to see on the field include "Don" Pearson, "Len" Hollywood, Sam Hardin, "Fat" Miles, Lynne Pearson, Hack Dexter, White-hope McCarthy, and George Palmer.

Backed by the splendid spirit shown last year, and under the able coaching of some man like "Louie" Watts, there is no reason why Alameda should not take rank among the foremost Rugby teams of the state.

CHARLES TILDEN, Captain, 1913.



OUR TRACK TEAM.

Andy Hardin, our old stand-by, acquitted himself well, as usual, in the Bay Counties track meet. He copped first in the high jump with a leap of 5 feet 7 inches; second in the broad, with a jump of 20 feet 10 inches. "Andy" is some consistent worker and may be looked upon as a model by other aspiring candidates. Always in condition, full of fighting spirit and pep, "Andy" is an important factor in all track meets. He has his four star A now, but sad to say we lose him by graduation. Among others out were Perkins, Von Schmidt, Ganzer, Creagh, Etter, Barnes, Clapp, Volberg, O'Connell, Corry and last, but not least, "Miler" Goldbaum. A few words apropos of this stellar performer might be in order. He certainly showed rare form and the intercollegiate cinder-path artists are waiting with dread the time he enters college. Look out for your laurels, oh ye athletes! He also supplied the dire need of a steam roller.

FOUR STAR A SOCIETY

TO receive the four-star A is the highest honor that an athlete of Alameda High can attain. In order to get this he must have played four seasons on some team, or have participated in winning events for four years. The man winning this honor is worthy of all the credit and praise given him, for it shows that he has worked for four years to give his school a prominence in school athletics.

Byron Paul, the A. H. S. quarterback on the '03, '04, '05, '06 teams, and captain in his last year, was the first on whom this honor was bestowed.

Edward Macauly, the track man, at one time holding the coast records for both the 220 and 440 yard dashes, was the next in line. He won his event, the 440, four years in succession.

Emil Bruzzone, another football man, was also awarded a four-star A. He played on the championship team of 1908, and captained the team in 1909.

Charles Kiser was the next who received this honor. Charles, however, won it both for baseball and football, and is the only athlete that has ever accomplished this. He captained the 1908 football team, and played on the 1909 baseball team that defeated Cogswell for the A. A. L. championship.

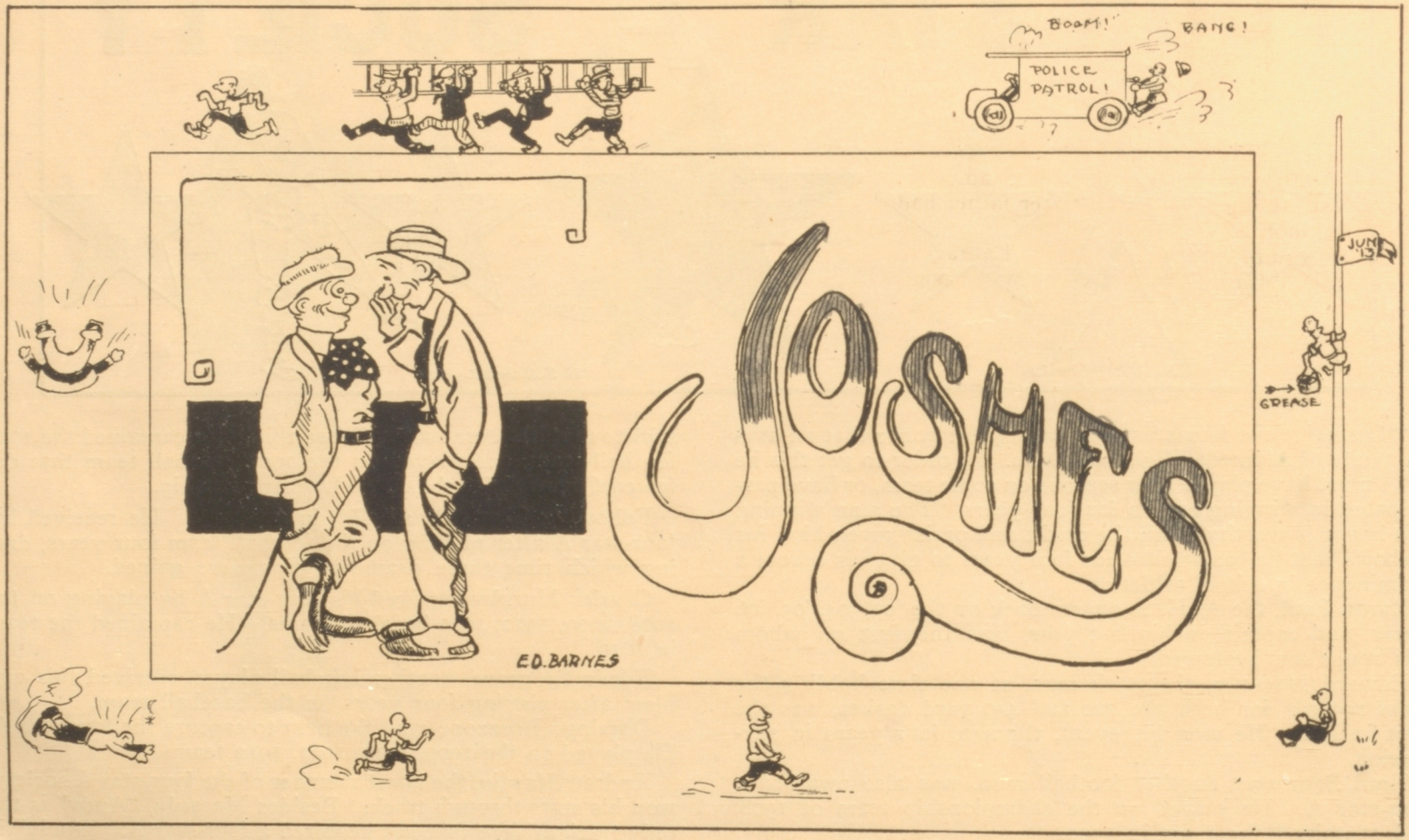
Following Charles came Edwin Anthony. He received his four-star A after playing on the football team four years, during which time three championships were gained.

Charles Murphy received his four-star A by playing on the 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911 baseball teams. He captained the team in 1910.

Edwin Seagrave, another baseball player, received this emblem after playing four years on the baseball team.

Domingo Bruzzone was the next to capture the four-star A. He played on the 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912 teams.

Andrew Hardin, the latest member of the four-star A society, won his stars through track. Besides Macauly, "Andy" is the only track athlete that has acquired a four-star A. "Andy" is also a good football player, and during the Rugby season he devotes his time to that game.


BOOM!
BANG!
POLICE PATROL!
JOSHES
E.D. BARNES
JUN 15
GREASE

IF you don't like the joke about you,
Don't try the paper to sue,
Just think how much worse,
Some others will curse,
Over jokes which they know are quite true.

If you find some old jokes we annex,
And do not attach an EX,
The joke that you hit,
You'll find changed quite a bit,
So don't let this matter you vex.

He Couldn't Stay After That.

It was getting rather late and Laura had stifled many a yawn. "Gabie" still hung around, even after father had wound up the clock, and mother had put the cat out.

"Won't you please sing something, Laura?" said Earl.

"Why, Earl Gay!!" she exclaimed, with another yawn, "don't you know it is terribly unlucky to sing before breakfast?"

Gardner Goldthwaite says: "The way I manage to have so many fair ones a-chasin' me around is that I treat 'em with scorn, and they seem to love me all the more."

Our Marjorie Brooks, whose scornful looks
Crushed out all earthly joys,
Ah, cruel woe that this is so—
She doesn't like the boys.

Lawrence Dean—May I cross the street with you?
M. Sanford—Certainly, if you're afraid to go alone.

Ken Logan—How are you on the new dances?
Richards—Huh; little slow on the foot work, but right there on the grapple.

Heard Over the Telephone.

"Hello, Kathleen, this is Raymond."

"Oh, Raymond, how do you do—I was just going to retire for the night——"

"Oh, I see——"

"Gracious, hide your eyes quick!"

Barnes—I smell cabbage burning.

"Pansy" Murdock—No wonder, your head's too near the stove.

Miss Haworth (to Charlie Rhein)—Little boys without whiskers shouldn't be heard above whispers.

It was after the yell contest.
Brewer's mother—Well, did you get a prize?
Brewer—No, but I got horrible mention.

Mr. Minium (in barber chair)—Charlie, I believe my hair is getting a little thicker.
Charlie "Uff"—Which one?

Perfectly Free.

Higgins—And to think we didn't go to that free concert last night!
Piker—Why are you sorry?
Higgins—This here paper says the music was intoxicating.

The Senior Show.

L. Hoffman (modestly)—As a matter of fact, I could show you letters from—er—ladies in—er—almost every place in which I have appeared.
Lottie Russell—Uh, huh,—Land ladies, I suppose.

Bing!!

Mary Dunbar—There is something preying upon my mind.
D. Baum—Never mind; it will starve to death.

"THREE OF A KIND"

"A PAIR"

"SNAP IT, KEN"

A.H.S. SWIMMING TEAM ?

JOY RIDERS

"DON'T YOU SNAP THAT"

THAT 1913 RAG

OUR FAT CAPITALIST

"WE HAVE WITH US TONIGHT"

SOME OF THE SENIOR CLASS

STUDYING

OTHERS

THE MANAGER WORKING OTHERS

GUARDING ? THE FLAG

YUM! YUM!

QUEENERS

TWO BOOBS

MILITARY AT A.H.S.

PROPERLY CHAPERONED

THE SCHOOL'S ENGLISH SUIT

FOLK-DANCING CLASS

NOT FOR PUBLICATION

A FEW OF THE FELLOWS

ROUGHS

NOT PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF CENSORSHIP

THE KNOCK-OUT

DISTURBERS OF THE PEACE

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Ever Displayed Here

The Question Box

A CORRESPONDENCE EDITOR has been appointed to take charge of this ever-popular department. Owing to the rush of work it has been impossible to answer all of the numerous questions submitted. Those published were questions which were considered of the greatest possible educational value.

Dear Editor:—Who is the king of Alameda High School at present?

This question is very hard to determine. Hauch, until very recently, certainly ruled with despotic sway, but upon looking carefully into the matter we have found that Hoffman has usurped the throne. At a recent date Hauch formally acknowledged Hoffman's supremacy and bestowed his crown on him.

Mr. Editor:—Why are High Junior dances always rags?

After great study and coöperation with such authorities as Dr. Thompson and Mr. Daniels, we have decided that the main reason is the extreme youth of the High Juniors. At a certain age it is impossible for youths to draw a line between perfectly proper dances and the freer ones to which they are accustomed. Time will surely cure this, however, and when they become High Seniors they will give a ball which will surprise every one.

Correspondence Department of the ACORN:—Is it true that the High Senior girls are going back to "the simple life"?

Not back to the "simple life," exactly. There have been many different rumors concerning the coming graduation. The real idea of the girls was to graduate disguised as sailors, in middy blouses, and with the stage decorated as the deck of a ship. The effect would be startling. The boys would probably be disguised as deck hands.

Mr. Editor:—Why did Ed. Joseph leave school?

"Leave" is not quite the right word to use here. Something stronger would be preferable. The question is not, "Why did he leave school," but how did he get back again?

To the Editor:—Why are our alumni so interested in their Alma Mater?

There are various occasions which bring forth their enthusiasm. It is doubtful if, without such drawing cards as callings from the president, fights (flag and otherwise), crap-games, etc., they would still show their interest.

To the Correspondence Editor:—Is it true that the Board of Education, having become aware of the physical strain on the students walking to and from High School, have decided to furnish motor transportation?

There have been various rumors in regard to the use to which the motor car, about to be won in the "Examiner Contest," will be put, when purchased by the Board of Education. As a matter of fact, it has been almost definitely decided to turn it over to Dr. Thompson and the Faculty to take the place of their present auto, furnished by Mr. Phelps, which they are rapidly outgrowing.

Dear Editor:—Are new suits furnished to all ACORN Managers?

It has always been one of the customs of the school in the past. It will be interesting to see what the present manager will do. We sincerely hope that he will set a new precedent.

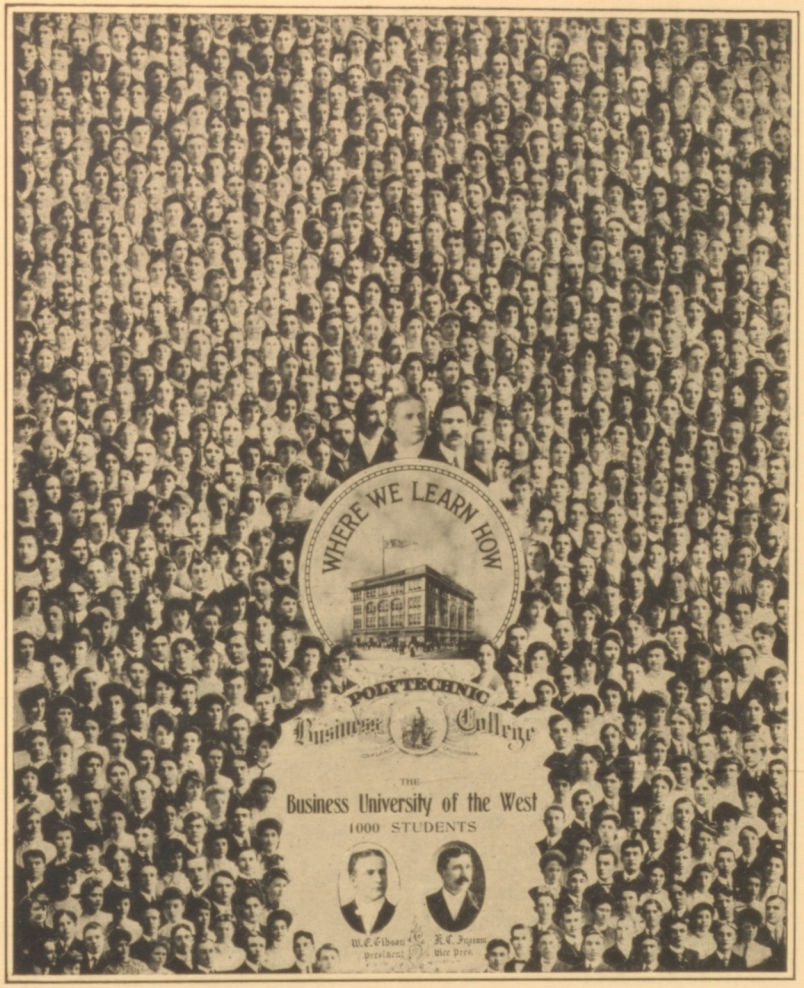
To the Correspondence Editor:—What is the purpose of the massive table at the end of the study hall?

It has been placed there purposely by a new organization, very prominent in school life, commonly known as the "Knights of the Oblong Table". Much to the joy of the present administration, they always congregate on the days set for student meetings.

Mr. Editor:—Did I see Miss Garretson wearing a Bulgarian blouse?

Impossible! Impossible!

Dear Editor:—Why are the front steps leading up to the High School being changed into inclined planes?



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306 Twelfth Street Oakland, Cal.

That is simply to make it easier for the nurses to wheel up the members of the incoming Freshman Class. Also new sanitary drinking fountains with appropriate attachments for infants are being installed.

Correspondence Department:—Are Old English plays perfectly proper?

Although there is questionable language used in these plays, if the characters are portrayed by men of highest moral standing, there can be no objection. But when, as in certain recent plays, the parts are acted by such questionable characters as H-gg-ns, J-s-ph, Kr-s-i, G-ldb-m, B-t-s, and especially Br-n-, a question might arise as to their merit.

Numerous other queries will be answered in a subsequent issue.

Ken Lynch—You sassed a Senior, you say? What did he do?
Sherman Asche—He ran.
Ken Lynch—What! The Senior ran?
Sherman Asche—Yes, sir, and he caught me, too.

Mr. Minium (after long winded proof)—And now we get x equals o.
Sleepy McCoye (from rear of room)—Gee, all that work for nothing!

Bud Larkin—How old is that lamp, Fat?
Mendell—Oh, about three years.
Bud—Turn it down. It's too young to smoke.

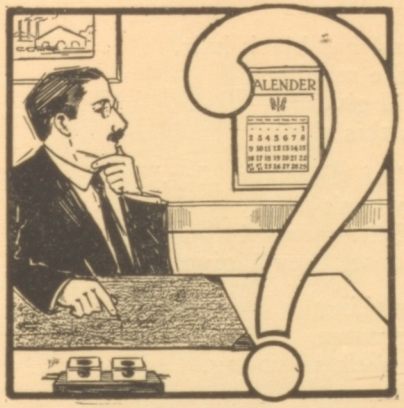
Poor Dean.

Mr. Rowe—What is Ethel doing?
Mrs. R.—Making shrimp salad.
Mr. R.—Why, I didn't know we had any shrimps in the house.
Mrs. R.—We haven't yet. One is coming to call on her this evening.

Absent Minded Bradford (picking up hairbrush instead of mirror)—My, how I need a shave!

Kathleen Corson—Oh! Wright, what beautiful violets!
Flame—Yes, they always make me think of you.
Kathleen—Do they, really?
Flame—Yes, both of you are so sweet, so beautiful, so fresh.
Kathleen—Sir!

When Mr. Busyman was Puzzled



The instruction is the best. It is certified by teaching credentials from the Alameda County and San Francisco County Boards of Education, by the well known Pitman-Howard Phonographic Institute.

THE QUESTION:—

"That new stenographer makes the tenth that has applied. That's right, Adams, isn't it?"

"Yes, it seems to me like the hundredth. I hope she'll make good, sir. She'll be in, right away."

Mr. Busyman turned from his desk to receive the new applicant and meanwhile considered the many applicants that had appeared. Miss A. could not read her notes. Miss B. was slow in taking dictation. Miss C. typewrote with an over-abundance of errors. And so it went from one to the other. Would this new applicant repeat the dismal story? What was the trouble with the young women? Was it their training? Would not better education, better teaching solve the problem?

THE ANSWER:—

Better education means better fitness for a position. To give you the very best training I accept only a limited number of students—no more than I can properly educate with the excellent assistance I have. And this small number of students is grouped into small instruction groups—a handful in each. That means better learning, better teaching, plenty of opportunity to ask questions, to receive immediate help.

The Instruction is guaranteed by the fact that it shows as results stenographers who are most successfully filling positions as stenographer to Governor Johnson, and in prominent business offices, banks and corporations on both sides of the Bay.

The instruction and study rooms are bright, cheerful and spacious. The most modern equipment is in use.

The rates are no higher than usually prevailing.

Established 1900.

FREDERICK G. ILSEN
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NEAR WASHINGTON

OAKLAND, CAL.

Our faculty

OH!
We've the very best teachers,
The darlingest creatures,
They treat us like fathers and mothers,
And that's why we boast of 'em,
Boast of the most of 'em—
And try to forgive a few others.

First on the list we speak of one
Whom you all know quite well;
But what Doc thinks of those who rag,
I'd simply hate to tell.

But hark! Beware! What is that noise?
Who tries to make a jest?
Oh, that is simply Tommy and
He's giving his class a test.

Art Agard is a great musish,
Who lectures Tuesday nights.
I'd hate to have to see his face,
When these poor feet he sights.

In stateliness before her door,
Stands one we all know well;
Miss Haworth is the students' friend,
But how far she'd fall if she fell!

'Mongst curdled white precipitates,
Sits our own Willis M.,
Although he loves his H_2S,
He certainly is a gem.

They come to school in a machine,
We gasp as they go past,
And wonder if it is a case,
And how long it will last.

He's long and lank and has black hair,
Which he parts in the middle;
A one in history he will give
To him who solves this riddle.

Miss Berg, the "Star" of "Star and Key,"
Without whom they can't live,
Will soon be queen of the carnival
Which, like the Moose, they'll give.

A cunning little fussy thing,
Miss Baldwin is her name.
We'll all forgive her; she's so young,
She isn't much to blame.

Among the Freshmen in her class,
In state sits Miss DuBois,
She has a new Bulgarian waist
Which makes the Frosh rejoice.

S. N. WOOD & CO.

SAN FRANCISCO: Cor. Market and Fourth Sts. **OAKLAND: Cor. Washington and Eleventh Sts.**

Well Dressed Young Fellows are Wearing
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We are showing this popular style in solid colors and fancy cheviots in navy blues, browns, pretty greys, black and whites, and smart mixtures in all the novelty colorings. These suits are built to satisfy a particular want in the wardrobe of every young man. The style is specially becoming to young men and is extremely popular among High School and University students. Our assortments are unsurpassed, not only in this style, but in all others for men. These may be had ready for service in our clothing department or in the young men's stock on the third floor or we will make them to measure in our tailoring department if you prefer made to order garments.

See us about your Norfolk suit if you are interested in really good style and extra good value.

The terror of the students' hearts—
Miss Garretson by name,
If by my feelings I can judge,
Is doomed to lasting fame.

Och! vas is dot loud noise I hear?
Nay, worry not yourself;
'Tis but a little phonograph
She keeps upon her shelf.

It is a maiden beauteous,
Miss Potwin, as I live!
If we but had more than four lines
Some wild facts we could give.

Alone among some swell stenogs,
With nothing much to do,
Mac sits and whiles away the day,
Now what of that, think you?

So!
We've the very best teachers,
The darlingest creatures,
About them too much we can't say;
And that's why we boast of 'em,
Toast to the most of 'em,
And for a few others we pray.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Lulu Johannson doing a Spanish dance?
Charlie Clapp doing the 100-yard dash in 10 flat?
Lawrence Hoffman with a hair-cut?
Clarence Nobmann getting home in the "wee sma" hours of the morning?"
Ed Barnes not stickin' around the "dills?"
Charlie Rhein taking the part of a wildman in the side-show?
Mr. Marshall complimenting an author on a new book?
Miss Garretson playing basketball?
Duke Joseph saying "No, thanks, boys, I've been on the wagon for quite a while now?"
Grub Higgins leading us in prayer?
The Seniors cleaning the grease from the flag-pole?
Flame D'Evelyn as a dark-haired, black-eyed villain?
Milly McMaster not flirting?
Dutch Hauch with eyes in the back of his head?
"A-Bird" Krusi when he wasn't working his head off for the ACORN?
Fat Latham resembling a tooth-pick?
Billy Brewer with a "Dutch-cut"?
Charlie "Ooff" (Regal—shave shark) not talking "aboud hiss relatives in Choimany?"
Ruth Howe ever going to the "Nic" without Wardie?
Amy Whitney dancing a two-step to "King Chanticleer"?
Dutch Lemcke with his hair mussed?
The whole echool eligible to the "Star and Key Society"?

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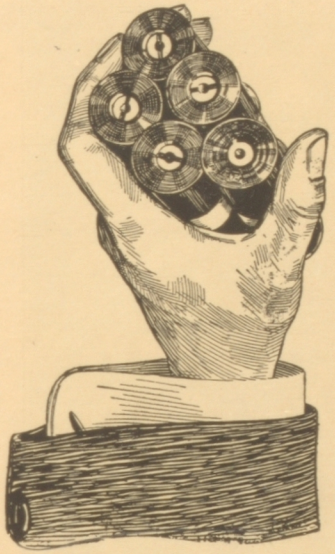

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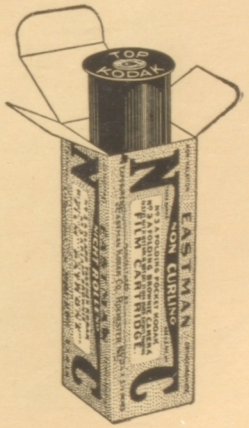

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A Promising Joke.

La Shelle—Stroupe strikes me as a very promising young man.

Riddell—He strikes me that way, too, but he never pays it back.

A Juvenile Joke.

Young Medcraft—If Tiny Bates had a chance to go to the seashore or the mountains this summer, where would he go?

Holden—I don't know. What's the answer?

Medcraft—Why, to the Heidt's, of course.

Nick, Look Out for Your Job!

Loes (romantically)—How clear the horizon is!

Sam—Yes, I just swept it with my eye.

Oh, You Joe Reno!

M. McMaster—Rollie told me a long story last night.

F. Garrett—Is he an interesting story-teller?

M. McMaster—I should say so. He held his audience from start to finish.

Looks Bad for Chili.

Tilden—Waiter, I'd like a little chicken.

Waiter—Yes, sir! Blond or brunette, sir.

One on Nat.

Nat Neal (at Parcel Post Window)—I want to send this package to Skidunk; what'll it cost?

The clerk handed him a bunch of stamps.

Nat (looking doubtfully at stamps)—Do I have to stick these on myself?

Wise Clerk—No, sir; stick them on the package.

A. Bird—Won't you come in to the conservatory with me?

H. F.—I should say not. Just think of all the rubber plants around.

ALBERT WOLFF MARTIN ASTIZ

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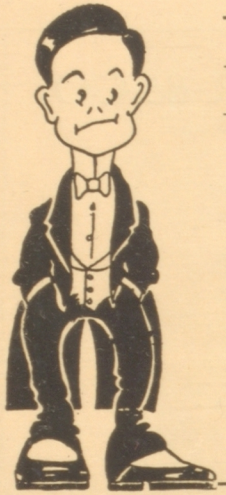

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Where records count Spalding's equipment figures.

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Poor Little(?) Man.

K. Lynch—What are you crying about?

M. Brown (sobbing)—Oh, I've got a pet comb and I hate to part with it.

Hollywood—I've had my pictures taken for the ACORN.

Eimer—Got the proofs?

Hollywood—No; you'll have to take my word for it.

A Mirage.

I see a thing of monstrous size
A-coming down the street;
But all my fears have vanished,
For it's merely Sam Hardin's feet.

Soliloquy.

Tom Marshall—I rather pride myself on one thing. Although I have the brightest, smartest, cutest, best youngsters in the land, I never brag about them.

Randolph Sharpstein is a boy,
Who likes to make things slam.
But just the same he's father's joy,
And mother's little lamb.

Crook!!

Mgr. Lemcke (to baseball team)—Hand in your suits, fellows. I see a ragman across the street and I need a little cash.

One on Ming!

Ruth Huff—You've been sticking around here for some time now, and I want to make a little leap-year proposal.

Ming (very hurriedly)—Well-a, I'm not in a p-position to m-m-marry just yet, but-a——

Ruth H.—Who said anything about marriage? I was going to propose that you resign and give some one else a chance.

NORFOLK SUITS *for* Young Men

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JUNE 1913
AND THIS IS ALL THEY WERE AFTER.
YOU'LL HAVE TO SLIP IT TO ONE OF THE BOYS FOR GETTING THAT PENNANT
A COUPLE OF THE FELLOWS EVEN MIXED IT UP A BIT
THE FAMOUS HOOK
THE SENIORS LOOKED LIKE A BUNCH OF WEARY WILLIES.
R. Q. Sharpsteen 1914

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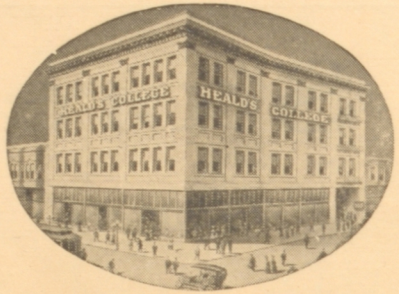

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Highest Standard Maintained in All Departments
Most Modern Facilities
Transfer Privileges from One City to Another
Forty Thousand Graduates
Has Stood the Test for Fifty Years

A Heald Education Means a Good Position

Sad Occasion.

Miss Berg—Why does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage.

Silence.

Miss Berg—White stands for joy, and the wedding day is the most joyous occasion of life.

Lynch—Why do the men all wear black, then?

Clarence Nobmann—I agree with you, Mr. Minium, your point is well taken. I read it in a text-book last night.

If laughter makes a lifetime long—
Then Margery Gaither's fixed;
She laughs, believe, from dawn till eve,
And giggles in betwixt.

Tommy Marshall (rapping on his desk)—Order, order!

Bennie Sharpstein (awakening)—Ham and eggs, please.

Oh, Terry went forth to serenade the lady he loved best,
And by her home at evening, when the sun had gone to rest,
He warbled until daylight, and would have warbled more,
But morning light disclosed a sign, "For Rent," upon the door!

Fans.

Denny—Gee, Durney ain't no good ball-player at all.

Rheiney—Aw, go on, he is too! I saw him make a hard catch and I saw him knock a home run, too.

Denny—Well, that don't make no difference. I heard a guy call him a lop-eared, mutton-headed, cross-eyed four flusher, and he didn't have no come back at all.

Durney—Will you be my partner——

Alma—Oh, Daffy, this is so sudden! Give me a little time——

Durney (continuing)—For the next dance?

Alma (continuing)—To catch my breath, I haven't recovered from the last Boston yet.

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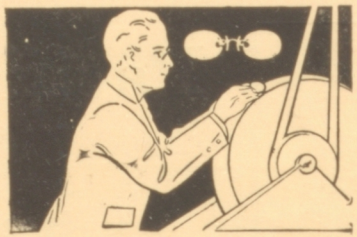
Prompt Delivery to All Parts of Alameda

No Wonder.

Bates—It's raining, Bill; I just felt a drop on my nose.
Brewer—That's funny, I haven't felt any on my nose yet.

Some System!

Charlie Clapp—Whenever I borrow money, I try to get it from Walter Brune.
Andie Hardin—Why?
Charles—Well, yuh see, he's a pessimist, and a pessimist would never expect to get it back again.



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ESTABLISHED 1879

Book Reviews.

1. **Exercises for Busy Men,** by W. Traphagen.
2. **My Rival,** by Madge Boyd.
   An exciting account of how beauty and love finally overcame the fascination of age.
3. **Beginner's Book in Astronomy,** by Prof. Carlos Mundt.
   A most modern and scientific treatise on the subject.
4. **A history of the Presidents,** by W. Hauch.
5. **The Care of Growing Children,** by Pierre Bynum.
   Mr. Bynum has been studying the subject for several years and the results of his careful investigations have at last been made public. It is now considered as an authority.
6. **Stutter—Don't Stammer!** by Charles Edward Harold Bugooby Begosh Bates.
7. **Helpful Hints to Beauty Seekers,** by K. Pearce.
   Madame Pearce, the most beautiful lady in West Alameda, has searched long and diligently into the problem of retaining youth and beauty.
8. **How to Run a Type-writer,** by Frances Brandli.
   Learn stenography at home by this correspondence school method. After glancing through the book you will acquire great ability in pounding the keys.
9. **Card Games and How to Play Them,** by Lawrence Dean.
   The work of this famous old gambler should be read by all youths interested in games of chance, etc.
10. **Public Speaking,** by Addie Combs.
    Learn to speak fluently, at home, in school, after dinner, at public gatherings, in fact **all** the time.
11. **Our Japanese Brothers,** by B. Luther Sharpstein, Assisted by H. Akagi.
    These authorities on the little Japanese tell of the great injustice of the Alien Land Laws.
12. **To My True Love,** by Ruth Cadman.
    A pretty little love sonnet treated in this poetess' inimitable style.
13. **Card Tricks,** by D. Stroupe.
    Mr. Stroupe knows whereof he speaks. He was for ten years connected with various skin-game devices and acquired perfect skill at tricks.
14. **Useful Hints on Economy,** by E. Alonzo Barnes.
    A most effective solution of the problem of the century.
15. **The "Left Hand Rule,"** by T. Archibald Miller.
    This remarkable discovery shows how a left-handed person may apply the right-hand rule backward.
16. **Me, Myself, and I,** by L. Hoffman.
    A marvelous account of how "I" became the most prosperous man of the times.
17. **Minutes of "The Know Nothing Club,"** by Sec'y Goldbaum.
18. **The Militant Suffragettes,** by Ad. Toye.
    An account of their growth and aims.
19. **Clever Sayings of Witty Men,** by "Curt" and "Grub."
    The work of two clever comedians.
20. **The Flirt,** by K. Corsan.
    One of the best sellers of the age.
21. **The Mystery of the Pink Tickets,** by Eagle Eye Rhein.
    This famous detective story rivals any of the Sherlock Holmes series. The plot is wildly exciting, starting with the mysterious disappearance of six pink tickets and showing the process of deduction by which they were recovered.
22. **How I Won an Automobile,** by Charles Tilden.
    Containing hints on getting something for nothing.
23. **The Land of Foot-prints,** by Capt. LaShelle, 13 corps of the Boy Scouts of America.
24. **Practical Points on the Preservation of Public Property,** by Mr. Nicholson.

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Miss Hewett (in Physical Gig.)—The moon is a little wobbly in its path——
McCarthy—No wonder, when it has been out all night!

Curt. B.—I dreamed, last night, that I was in New York.
Alva McKimmons—And how was I enjoying the trip?
Curt.—You didn't seem to be along.
Alva—Oh! You never take me anywhere. Brute!

Miss Cohen—What is the masculine for laundress.
Pickles—Chinaman.

Ran Sharpstein—Did Jake win that three-mile swimming race the other day?
Philip Holden—No; he swam two miles and then got tired and swam back.

Hauch—Every man has his price.
Miss Herspring—Yes, and every woman her figure.

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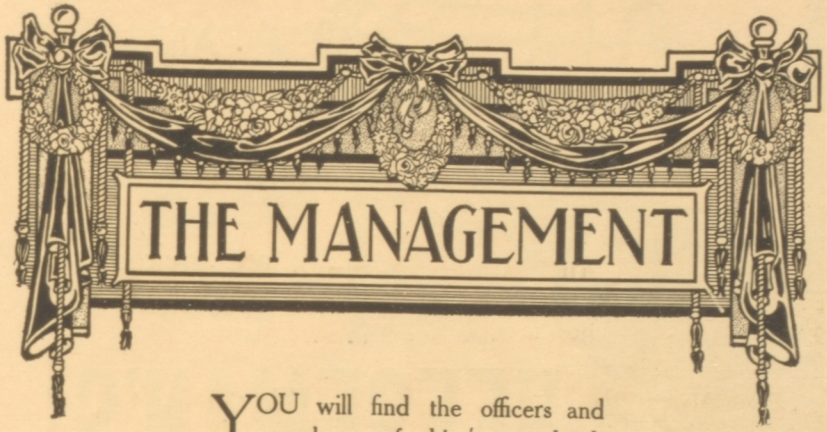

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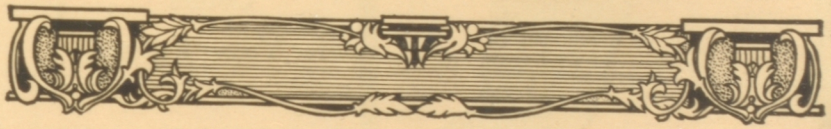

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& Marx Clothes

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"L" System
Clothes

for Young Fellows

Freshman Girlie (noticing R. Walden's pledge pin)—Oh! ain't that cute! What is it?"

Rome W.—That! Why that's just a sorority pledge pin.

Freshie (a few minutes later; casting an affectionate glance at Sam Terry)—Say, does Sam Terry belong to that sorority, too?

Tommy's Children.

Mr. Marshall (telling a little of his family history)—Well, today is the 21st. Tomorrow will be Washington's birthday. Also my second son's and my wife's birthday. Yes, tomorrow there will be one candle on the cake for my son.

Inquisitive Dexter—How many will there be on the cake for your wife?

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Yes, I know most of the people who see this paragraph will turn the page upside down.

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Just Laurie!!

Mr. Marshall—All the great men are dying, it seems.
L. Hoffman—Gee, I guess that's why I feel so sick.

He Got His.

"Dear Ruth," wrote a well known school member, "pardon me, but I'm getting so forgetful, I proposed to you last night, but I really forgot whether you said yes or no.

"Dear Ward," she replied by note, "So glad to hear from you. I knew I said 'no' to some one last night, but I had forgotten who it was."

Bert Wilcox—If I lend you this money, how do I know I shall get it back?
D'Evelyn—I promise, my boy, on the word of a gentleman.
Bert—All right; bring him 'round this evening!

Time 9:30 p. m.
C. Culver—Do you really mean that you would put yourself out for my sake?
Barnes—I certainly would.
Charlotte—Then please do it; I'm awfully tired.

Bill Brewer (reading "As You Like It")—Those shepherdesses were a rummy bunch, weren't they?
"Windy" Branscheid—Yeh; always fooling around with some crook.

La Shelle—Gee, but I'd like to be the census.
Brune—Why?
La Shelle—Because it embraces eighteen million women.

This Joke Is Bugs.

Miss Ford (in zoology)—Edwin, where do most of the bugs and insects hide themselves in the winter time?
Ed Barnes—Search me!
(Poor Barnes, during the winter.)

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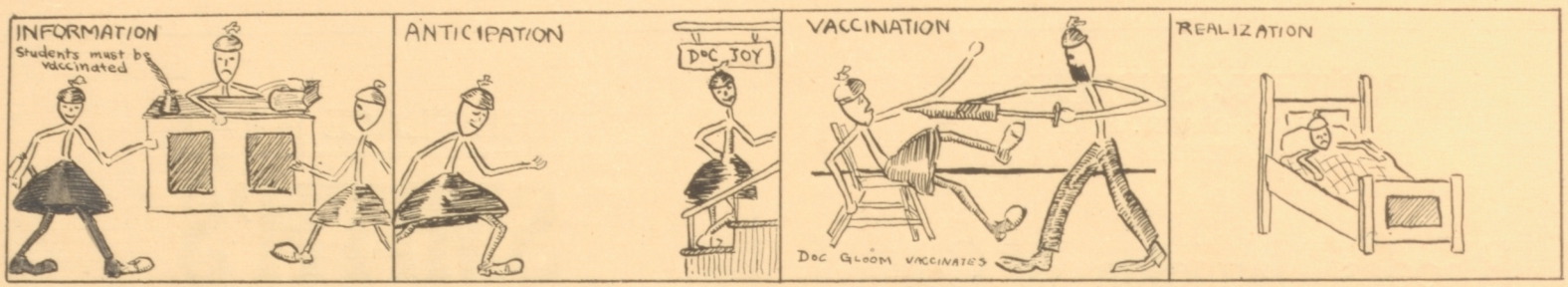

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Look Out, Mr. Daniels.

Clerk (in book store)—This translation of Caesar will do half your work for you.
Tiny Bates—Give me two.

Lynne Pearson (to teacher)—Do you really think I deserved that five?
Teacher—No; but five is the lowest mark we give.

Oh, the dew is fresh in the morning,
And the flowers are fresh on the grass,
But never yet has a thing been seen
So fresh as our Freshman Class.

Dear Dr. Thompson:—
Please excuse Audrey for being late, as she fell in the mud. Hoping you will do the same,
I am,
Yours truly,
Mrs. S.

Poor Bart.

W. Branscheid—I hear one of the fellows on the team has a bad cold.
B. Larkin—Who is he?
W. Branscheid—Why, haven't you heard, Bart Coffin?

Auto Owners!! Here Is an Auto Joke!

Harold Etter—I'm thinking of getting a new runabout.
Harry Etter—Yes, I'll bet it will run about a block and then stop.

To Gladys Pennock—good, so good!—
Such heavenly radiance clings,
One seems to hear as she draws near
The whir of golden wings.

AT NOON
WE ARE AT ALAMEDA HIGH
AND VICINITY

MR. GUST GORCHE

knows you like lots of butter on your popcorn
lots of peanuts, chewing gum, candy and ice
cream cones, and that is why he comes
to see you every day

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In Front of Hauch's.

She weighed only two hundred and fifty pounds, so that when she trod on a banana-peel, she subsided very gently.

Dutch Hauch came running out to assist the fair one to arise from a case of his very best eggs.

"Oh, I do hope I have not broken them," she cried.

"Not at all, madam," said the polite Dutchman, "they are only bent."

A Good Voter.

"Want a job, eh? Are you one of the men that voted for Hauch?"

"I'm three of them."

Barnes says:—

"The very worst habit
To get in your head
Is to send girls flowers
Before they are dead."

Seven league boots are common enough,
But seven acre boots would be grand;
Our "Energy" Johnson has them, though—
They cover seven acres of land.

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Phone Alameda 2772

Mr. Agard—"How do you spell Joaquin Miller?"
Begoo—"W-a-l-k-i-n-g M-i-l-l-e-r."

Miss Haworth (in Geometry)—What is a locus?
D. Clennann—It's a bird resembling a grasshopper.

Ionia James—(Trans. from the French)—The Duchess took off her dressing table, her hat and her veil.

Piker's Cry.

How dear to my heart
Is the cash of subscription,
When generous subscribers
Present it to view;
But the one who won't pay
I'll refrain from description
For perhaps, gentle reader,
That one may be you.

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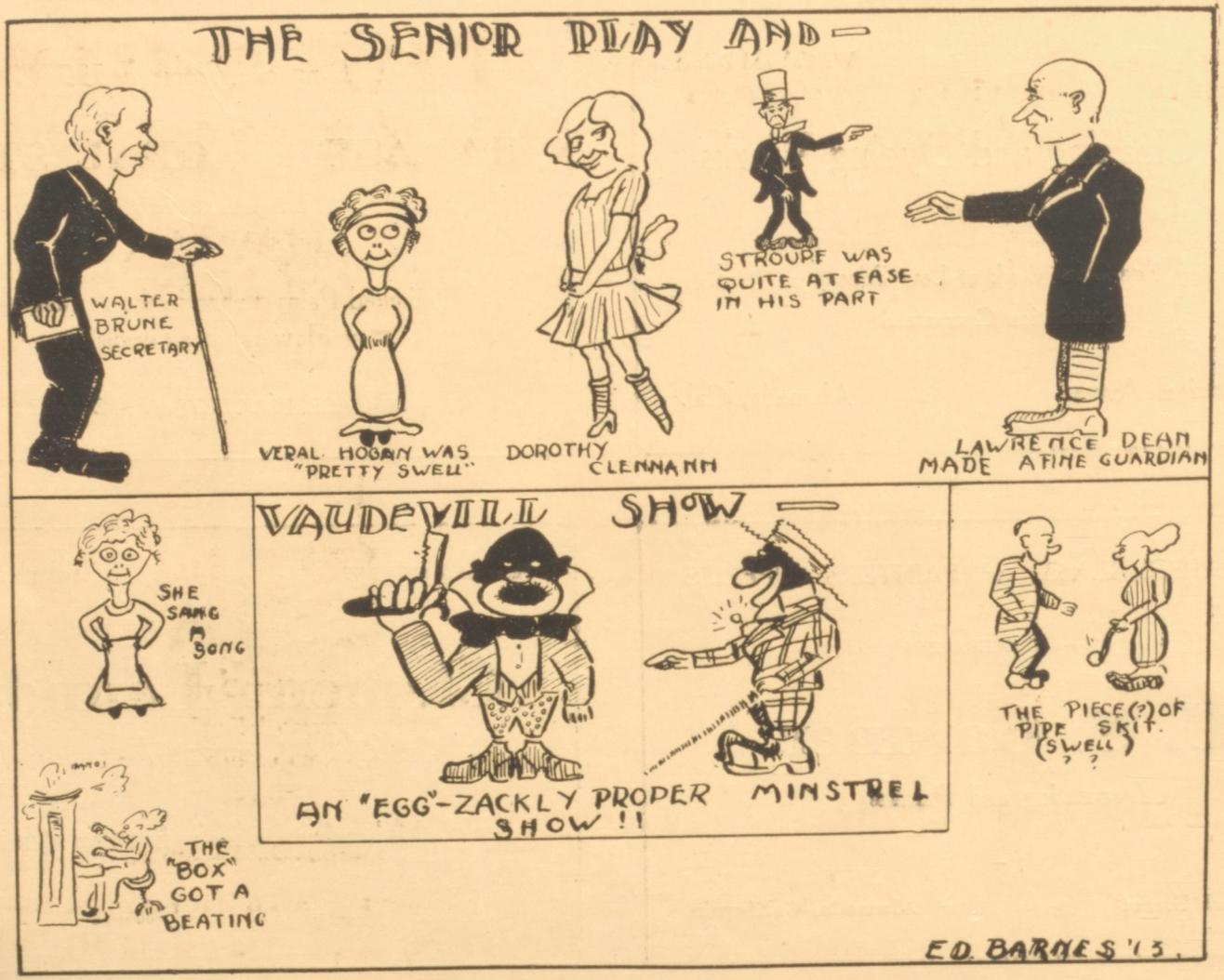
THE SENIOR PLAY AND —
WALTER BRUNE SECRETARY
VERAL HOGAN WAS "PRETTY SWELL"
DOROTHY CLENNAHM
STROUPE WAS QUITE AT EASE IN HIS PART
LAWRENCE DEAN MADE A FINE GUARDIAN
VAUDEVILL SHOW —
SHE SANG A SONG
AN "EGG"-ZACKLY PROPER MINSTREL SHOW !!
THE PIECE(?) OF PIPE SKIT. (SWELL) ? ?
THE "BOX" GOT A BEATING
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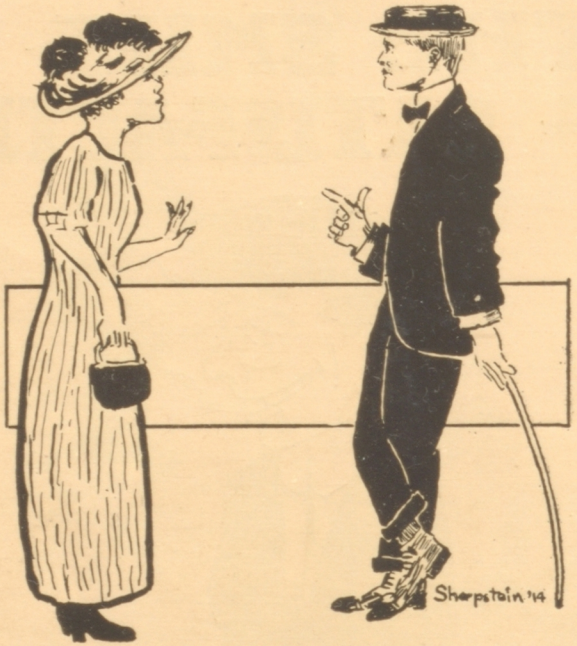

How Cruel!

Vaughan—A simple look is all I crave.

Charlotte—Then I advise you to consult a mirror.

"What distinguished foreigner assisted the Colonies?" asked Miss Berg.

"God," answered Loes Sharpe, promptly.

Hardin—How near were you to the right answer of the second question?

Stone—I was only two seats from Nobmann.

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Masonic Temple Bldg.
1327 PARK STREET

Eva Steele—What party does Mac Riddell belong to?
Suffragette Toye (drawing herself up)—I'm the party.

Scholarly, My Boy.

Miss Berg—George, use the word occur in a sentence.
George Palmer—This morning I seen a dog what the boys call a cur.

Mr. Marshall—What part of the Bible did the Puritans read most?
Charley Clapp—The inside, I guess.

Profound Joke.

Brewer—What is home without a mother?
Vaughan—An incubator, I guess.

A Heroine.

Amy Whitney—"Tiss" never passes a mirror without looking in it.
D. Warren—Brave girl!

Miss Bosse (after Mr. Minium had asked hard question)—Well—er—Because—er
A long pause.
Mr. Minium—That's all right. A woman always thinks she's answered a question when she says that.

Flame—What would you do if a girl dared you to carry her up-stairs?
Piker—I'd be inclined to take her up.

Westbrook—So you were pinched, eh?
How did the judge treat you?
Pot Baker—Fine!

She—Say, Chimmy,ain't you never going to get married?
He—Sure, it runs in the family. Both of me parents was married.—Ex.

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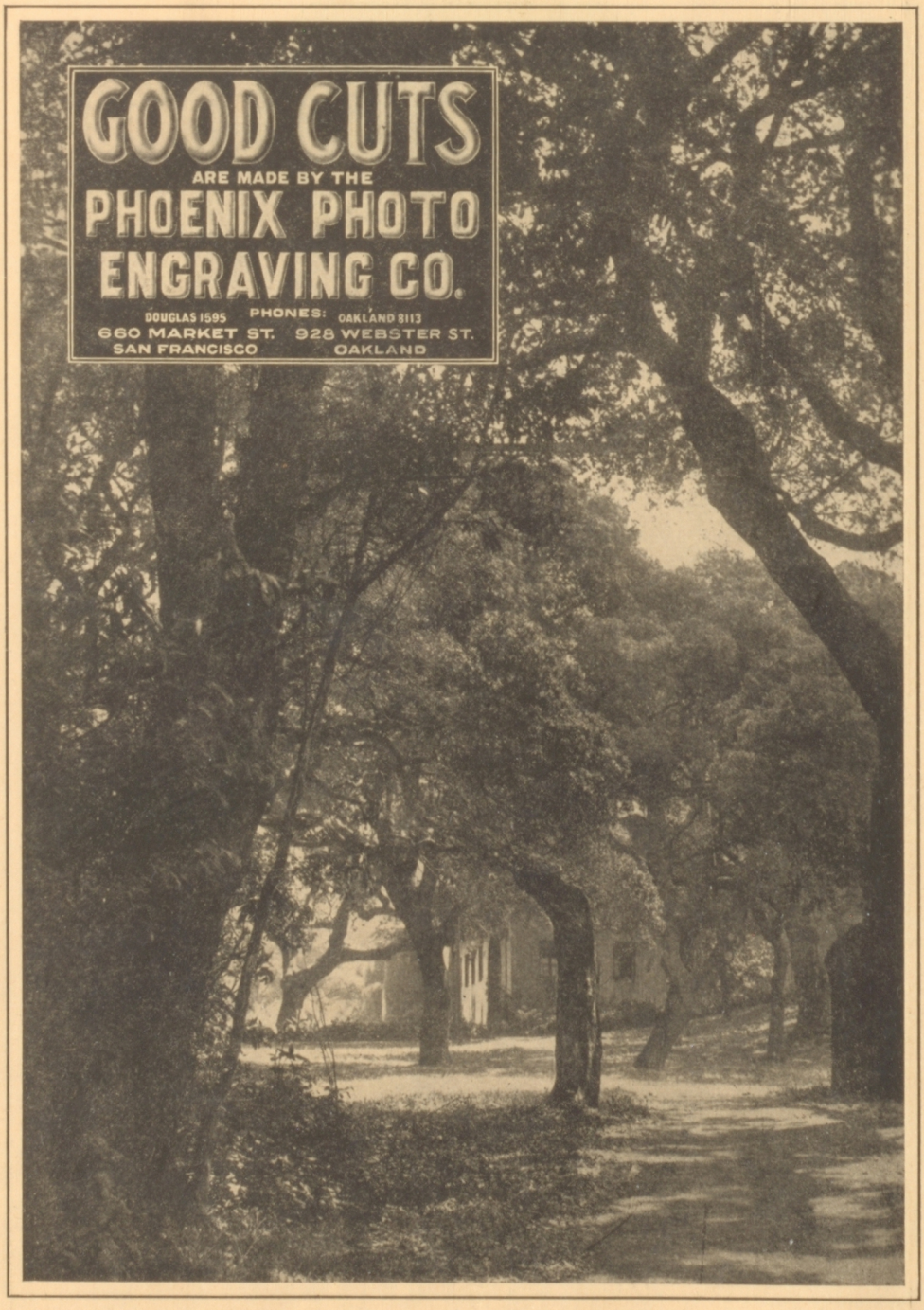
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WE PRINTED THIS BOOK

Heard in Mr. Agard's Room.

It's a very peculiar thing, but people who eat sweets very seldom drink to excess, whereas people who are given to drinking intoxicating liquors just hate candy (pause). You know I just **love** to munch candy.

Mr. Minium (looking at poorly drawn lever of the third class)—Hm! I wonder what class we can admit that to.
Rheiny—Steerage class.

Better Eat Some More Candy.

Mr. Agard—You know when I went into the blue grotto in Italy there was a storm and I just got soused!

Fat Miles—Darling, won't you marry me? Marriage is only a lottery, anyway. Will you take me?
She—A fat chance, anyhow.

One on Lyn.

Said Curt one day, in a troubled way,
"An answer to this I seek,
If Lyn gave out a horrible shout,
Would it be a Pearson (piercin') shriek?"

Traphagen entered the office and found a meek little freshman sitting in the ACORN room. Regarding the Freshie sternly, he said,
"You're just the fellow I want to see. Do you ever smoke cigarettes?"
"I d-d-do a-a l-l-ittle, sir," stammered the frightened kid.
Trappie fixed him with his eagle eye.
"Then gimme one," he said; "I left mine home on the bureau."

Pop Mackie!

"A man with whiskers is usually a favorite with the children. There's something about him they seem to cling to."

PIPES
AT
ZINGG'S

Scharz Studio
for
Photographs

473 Fourteenth Street Oakland, Cal.

Hauch Slips One Over on A-Bird.

Hauch—That dollar I lent you last March is very religious.
Krusi—How so?
Hauch—It's still keeping Lent.

Rolly blushed a fiery red,
Milly's heart went pit-a-pat,
She gently bent her dainty head,
And looked upon the mat.

He trembled in his speech,
And rose from where he sat,
Then shouted with a screech,
"Er—you're sitting on me hat!"

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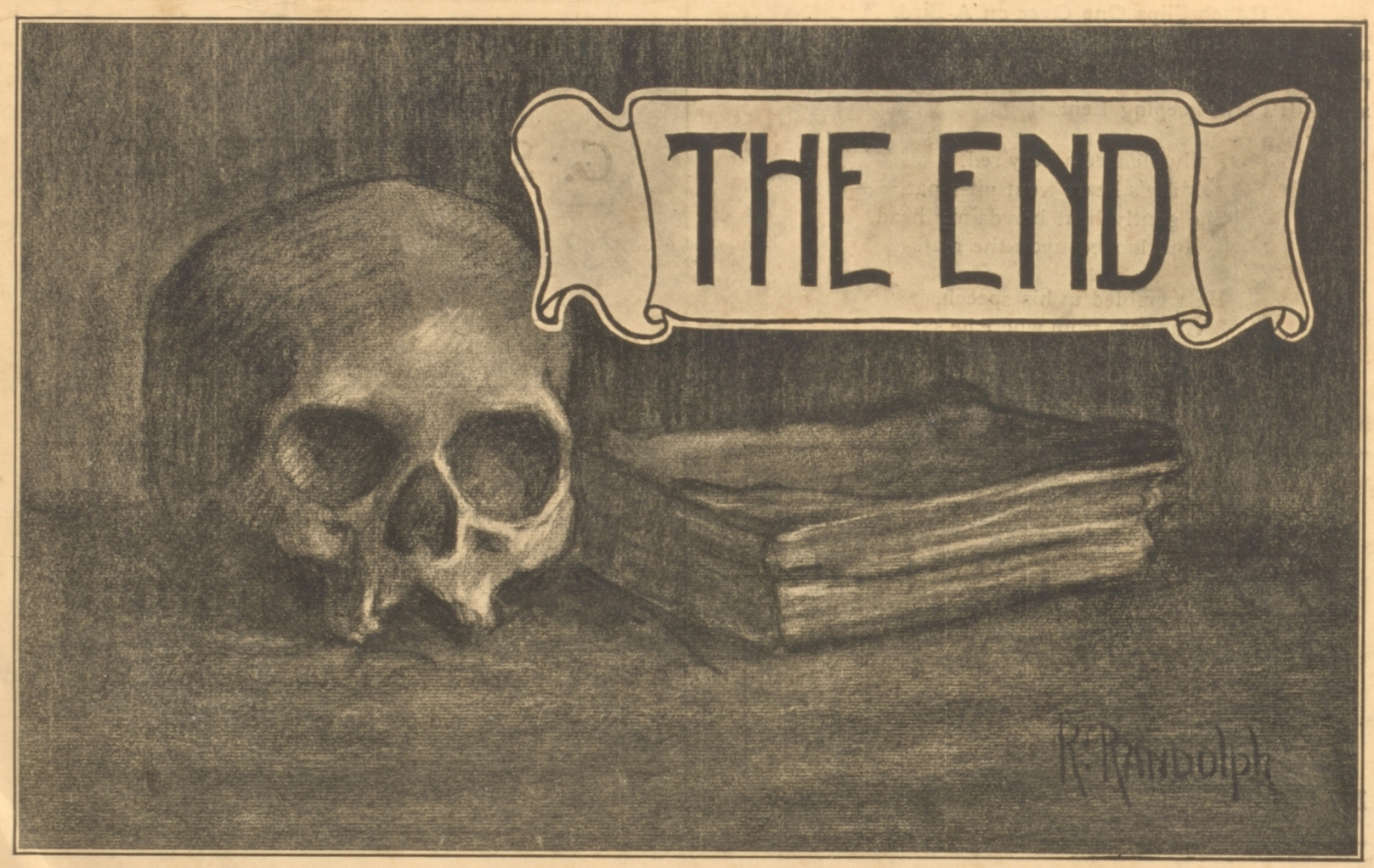
THE END
R. Randolph